The
COMMONWEAL
A Weekly Review of Literature the Arts and Public Affairs
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Week by Week

"I MYSELF could scarcely believe that such things could occur in a twentieth-century civilization." These are the words that the President of the United States chose to use in describing the Nazi barbarities of the last few days. And they are words which we can only echo, for such things include not only the existing attack upon the Jews, which is patent, but an equally ruthless latent attack upon all Christians who take their religion seriously. It can of course quite properly be pointed out that this is neither the first nor the bloodiest of organized attacks upon a social group within a twentieth-century nation. Certainly the persecution of the aristocracy, the Church, individual farmers and Old Bolsheviks in Russia has been on a larger scale; certainly the attacks upon various groups in Spain and Mexico have been bloodier. That none of these called forth so world-wide a protest does not mean that we can mitigate our protest against this latest specimen of organized bestiality. And what are we and the world to do about it? THE COMMONWEAL specifically calls for an immediate modification of the American immigration laws. First of all quota allotments should, at least for the time being, be suspended in favor of refugees; secondly it should be made possible for refugees to enter this country without the present requirement of liquid financial resources or else sponsorship by an American citizen. Finally the official red tape which now entangles anyone trying to get a "quota" visa should be cut. To all this it can be objected that we have already problems of unemployment and relief; that every alien entering will deprive a citizen of a job. We seriously doubt whether there is much validity to this argument. A refugee is likely, by the very fact of his flight, to be able above the average. Additional able inhabitants are more likely to create jobs for Americans than deprive them of existing jobs. And a substantial addition to our population adds to the number of consumers, a not undesirable thing in the present state of affairs. The final, compelling demands of charity are too obvious to need specifying. Present reports of the conference in London designed to settle all German Jews in the less populous parts of the world are a heartening indication that mankind retains its humanity.

The Tribulation of Israel

Knapsacks for Pillows

THERE was a story that Premier Mussolini licensed one amusing critic of his to speak freely in public, and even admitted him to intimacy. True or false, many people believed it, seeing a private humor and balance, and a tongue-in-the-cheek quality in the public fierceness of the Italian dictator. If they were right, one is forced sadly to conclude from the news of these latter days that the professional competition among dictators is altering Signor Mussolini's personal pattern for the worse. The attitude toward children furnishes almost the final test of any system; and here the competition is sharp. The Russian children are not to be allowed Christmas carols or Easter candles, but they will have set up in Red Square for the uplifting of their dreams the statue of the Soviet boy hero who got his father jailed for hoarding grain. What is being currently done by way of precept and example for German children will mostly not bear telling in this light-minded paragraph; but it can at least be recorded that they are to be deprived of Germany's chief folk ballad, "Die Lorelei," because it was written by a Jew. In face of the spirit that produces these creative educational results, Signor Mussolini rallies his own pedagogical theories. Italy's baby soldiers have for years carried muskets and drilled for war, but their off hours found

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them children again. Now they are to be dieted with steel both on and off. The ideal of "using the knapsack for a pillow" is to mold them through all their days; in witness whereof, the comic strips of Donald Duck and Mickey Mouse and Popeye the Sailor are banished the realm forever as unworthy a race of infant warriors. It would be impossible to parody this. It is even impossible to find words to describe it accurately. But at least there is no tongue-in-the-cheek lightsomeness about it. How much of their due heritage of sunny wisdom and eternal gaiety will these babes retain?

THE PROGRAM of economic reform published by the Debt Adjustment Committee of the Twentieth Century Fund deserved a more auspicious occasion for its release. According to the final announcement of the Committee, it attacks the problem of ownership and the implicated problems of money, debt and the business cycle with a definiteness that leads naturally and with great persuasiveness to specific actions for economic and social improvement. It is now the most tangible progressive program before the country. Directed toward changes in the nation's debt structure, the program is based on the difference between direct ownership and "debt financing," a distinction which men have been obscuring since the late Middle Ages and which is viciously confused in the modern economic system. The ordinary person with a certain amount of "money" isn't much concerned by the differences between his bonds and stocks, his cash and his money in the bank, his actual saleable property and his money. When people stopped worrying about usury they stopped bothering about these categories and concentrated on the problems of rate of return and safety too short-sightedly, too individualistically and entirely too single-mindedly. "For a durable recovery," the Twentieth Century Fund recommends, "means must be found — or known means must be used — to make equity investment (direct ownership in real estate, common stockholding or partnership in business) more attractive to investors."

Debts and Ownership

THE TEN points of the program would lead to this good end. This approach to economics is not a current fad. The claims made for it by its sponsors are modest, and the analysis accompanying them is deliberately limited to near economic factors. Little is likely to be done unless a campaign develops with people taking a longer view and with people becoming more excited and more vocal about the possibilities of ownership reform. Finance capitalism and the present debt system are more of a contradiction of a private property system than they are the identical thing, as Marxian critics and reactionary critics have almost been successful in persuading us that, in effect, they are. There appear to be two chief obstacles to the cutting down of debt and the establishment of more responsible ownership. "The chief form of effective money in the United States is the type of debt called 'bank deposits,' underlying which is a mass of commercial loans, bonds, mortgages and other debts owed to banks. A disturbance in the field of debt thus becomes a monetary disturbance almost automatically." The present debt structure already helps cause these disturbances, so it should take no desperate heroism to seek a change in that structure and in the superimposed money structure. Second, a business firm may find it can borrow money, say, at 5 percent and earn 10 percent on the money and go ahead and do so, with small worry over the consequences. Present governmental tax and regulatory policy is a large part of the cause for this particular circumstance. Short-sighted and unenlightened self-interest helps bring it, and, of course, upholds present debt conditions everywhere. The present system is made that way. Simple avarice, the thirst for unlimited profit by unrestricted means, is one of the capital causes, a cause which inevitably contradicts natural order wherever it operates, and a cause whose operation must be self-restricted for reform according to any system.

"THE CIO accepts the goal of unity in the labor movement" while it completes the split in the labor movement by establishing a regular constitutional organization altogether separate from the AFL. It declares the preservation of the industrial unions more important than unity and asserts it has been unable to obtain reconciliation with the AFL without running the danger of divesting industrial unions of craft members. The argument here concerns the technique of labor organization. The CIO is seldom opposed by argument on the ground of technique. The hate-the-CIO movement which has developed to so remarkable a degree concentrates on suspicions of its philosophy. Arguments about its philosophy cannot be as objective as arguments about its technique because the CIO has no firmly held objective philosophy, and very few of those who talk about it from the outside have either. In spite of the fact that theory and practise ought to be unified in action (or, in a way, because of that fact) we would like to see the technical and philosophic arguments kept much clearer. Could it possibly turn out that some critics who talk most about philosophy really oppose the CIO because it has a better technique of strengthening labor in unions? That would give a useful insight into those critics' philosophy of labor and a more fruitful discussion of technique and philosophy might follow. And what is the basis of the Communist

Union Philosophy and Technique

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THE SPIRIT OF THANKSGIVING: Thanks to Democracy

party support of the CIO? What is the whole relationship between technical labor structures and the philosophies which can be expressed through them in action? We doubt that either craft or industrial unionism is through its technical formation more compatible to a good or a bad labor philosophy than the other. What can be proved by showing definitely (if that were possible) what philosophy animates, for example, the auto workers' union or the teamsters' local in the Northwest? Not, we believe, that either the industrial set-up or the craft is best. There is deliberate obscurity in the labor union arguments.

Harvests and Mattresses

SECRETARY WALLACE'S announcement of reduced acreages for corn, cotton, rice, tobacco, wheat and other soil depleting crops calls attention to the bounteous crops Americans should be grateful for this Thanksgiving Day. Unfortunately the complex economic set-up that has evolved from the simple economy of Pilgrim days makes nature's munificence a tremendous problem. Comparative quotations for turkeys are not at hand, but in general meat is the only major product of the nation's farm not seriously depressed in price. The various measures undertaken by the Department of Agriculture during the past five years have not quite maintained prices at the level of the average for the five years just preceding the New Deal. But these measures have in fact prevented agricultural conditions from growing considerably worse. And the department claims that 1939 will be the first full test of the present method of crop control. The plight of King Cotton well illustrates the difficulty, for there is more than two years' supply now on hand. Something must be done with the surplus now available. One answer is some sort of two-price system, the drawbacks of which were recently outlined in these pages. Mattresses have been selected for experiment. If business and government succeed in furnishing cotton-stuffed mattresses to families who need them but ordinarily could not afford them, and part of the surplus is put to use and the normal

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mattress industry does not suffer, similar projects will be tried in other fields. It is these agricultural surpluses which throw the problem of poverty in the midst of plenty into the sharpest perspective.

1939 Models

TO THE man on the street or the fond owner who still manages to get about in his pre-Roosevelt conveyance, in fact to the outsider generally, there is a striking sameness in the appearance of the new cars which were unveiled before the American public with more than usual fanfare during the past few days. Interest at the auto shows that opened simultaneously in twenty-seven of our larger cities points to busy hours for the finance companies, for instalment buying accounts for a topheavy proportion of the domestic sales of our cars. Of course closer examination reveals a wide range of differences between the different makes—variations in motor engineering as well as in gadgets and appointments. As is the custom, this year's cars are roomier, more powerful, safer and more economical than their immediate predecessors. As articles of export they bear witness to a combination of sound materials, ingenuity and durable construction that are the distinguishing mark of so many American machine-made products. These new cars will represent the United States abroad far more successfully than the movie versions of American life which are also sent forth from this country to all the peoples of the world.

TO THE triumph of modern engineering and substantial consumer value now credited to the American auto industry there is to be added, it appears, real pioneering in the field of employee relationships. In the plan just announced in outline by General Motors involving 150,000 men and going into operation the first of the year, a genuine attempt will be made to stabilize the worker's income throughout the year. The technique is not so much to stabilize production, but rather to lend the employee as much as 60 percent of his usual weekly wage when times are slack—a "debt" which can be repaid gradually and only through work for the company when employment is resumed. The "debt" bears no interest and is cancelled on the death of the workman involved or if he leaves the employ of the organization. If the program is acceptable to the unions and proves to be as successful generally as it is on a smaller scale, General Motors may well point the way to other companies and other industries afflicted by the evils of seasonal inactivity. And workers themselves, assured of some income during these slack periods, may develop gardens of their own, greater interest in things in general and other adjuncts to a well-rounded family life.

Thoughts on a Free Press

IT IS not for the outsider to instruct the French in this crisis: to show them (even if he knew how) how to quell the rising disaffection of their radical groups, or how to meet the outside threat to safety. It is not even for the outsider to express a naive surprise at finding a press censorship decree among the others of current Daladier workmanship which betray that France regards herself in a state of siege. The project to discipline non-conforming workers, to fine and jail strike agitators, to hold closed courts for internationally touchy cases, to revaluate the gold reserves by fiat to the tune of 32,000,000,000 francs paper profit, make logical bedfellows for the decree aimed at newspapers which publish anything that "might be considered offensive to the head of a foreign state." But granting that survival is the first law, and that the French have always shown a deep instinct as to what will help them to survive, and even (a quite different thing) what they will survive in spite of doing, this decree prompts some disquieted reflections. Not only is the first consequence immediately clear, since a half-witted child could win a game of "Guess Who" on the subject of what head of what foreign state would object to what sort of article in a French newspaper. The remoter consequences are even graver. Modern democracy is predicated on the press. It is the concrete symbol of the free state. In such a state there is no emergency decree so hard to enforce with impunity as a press censorship decree. Not only because of the deep-lying resentment at the withholding of an essential right. Not only because of the unhealthy effects of bottling-up criticism. But most of all because a people used to having their press channels open feel, when these channel are closed, a mounting loss and uncertainty which may finally lead to disastrous credulity, to rumor, or to open panic. The Abbé Dimnet recently stirred our country by his tribute to our free press during the Munich affair. He did not minimize the cost of that freedom, but he found it worth the cost.

Disturbing the Peace

A DISTURBING phenomenon of the day is the appearance in a number of different places of attacks on the Catholic Church in the United States. In a new publication, the *Lowdown*, of which the first number (January, 1939) has already reached us, there is an article by Mr. Charles Angoff, formerly editor of the *American Mercury* and the *American Spectator*. One can only describe his article as completely irresponsible; he makes a number of statements, some concerning this magazine, which are demonstrably false. He produces the Syllabus of Errors and the Baltimore Catechism to show that the Church is opposed to all democratic forms of

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government. And his general thesis (visions of the Pope in the White House, and every parochial school a potential fortress for the Swiss Guards!) is that "every true Catholic is as much a foreign agent as every Nazi in the German American Bund. . . ." Such attacks are so hackneyed, so familiar that Catholics are at a loss to understand how they find a place in what purports to be a responsible publication. What is more alarming is the appearance in a serious scholarly journal, the *Social Frontier,* of an article by Dr. Leo H. Lehmann entitled "Is Catholicism Anti-Semitic?" The author was ordained a priest and later left the Church. The conclusion of his article is that the Church is anti-Semitic. He arrives at this conclusion in a thoroughly unscholarly way: his article is ridiculously brief for the discussion of so complex a subject; its scholarly apparatus is sloppy and inadequate; he makes several absolute misstatements, and he neglects all evidence which might tend to work against his conclusion.

THE STRONGEST attack of all has been emanating from our esteemed contemporary, the *New Republic.* For several weeks this journal has published editorials criticizing the Church in America. We certainly do not hold with those who feel that every attack upon a Catholic, priest or layman, must immediately call forth a defense, regardless of whether or not the attack be justified. The Church has always been large enough to include within it misguided persons, and fools and even knaves; to defend them all would be tantamount to sinning against charity by calling attention to their weaknesses. And there is such a thing as a criticism of the Church which is made in good faith, and which deserves an answer on its own level. The article in the November 9 *New Republic* by Mr. George Seldes approached this level. Its very grave fault was a distortion in the proportionate weight it gave Fascism in its analysis of contemporary Catholic political thought. For some weeks, however, the *New Republic* has been advertising extensively a series of articles to be called "The Catholic Church in Politics," by the same Dr. Lehmann as has just been writing for the *Social Frontier.* The first of these articles has now appeared, together with a long editorial which offers us Catholics some fatherly political advice and which does us the honor to name as one of our co-religionists a United States Senator whom we should be happy to claim in this capacity but whom truth compels us to admit is not a communicant of the Church — Senator Wagner of New York. We are grateful for the advice; much of it had been taken to heart long before the *New Republic* saw fit to give it. But for Dr. Lehmann's first article we are not so grateful. He here devotes himself to "The Church and Freedom of Speech." The quality of his attack is better than that in the *Social Frontier;* one finds no serious positive errors of fact whenever we have been able to verify the facts. But one does find disproportionate emphasis, faulty analysis, and grossly improper suppression of fact.

IN ANY discussion of freedom of speech, certain distinctions need to be made. Within the framework of the Bill of Rights there are still things which cannot be freely said: laws against libel, slander and malicious mischief exist for this very reason. Again, there are legitimate efforts to curb free expression, either through invoking such laws, or through propaganda and pressure in favor of what one considers to be true. There are also illicit efforts to curb free expression, through improper application of such laws or through secret or otherwise impure political and economic pressure. And in all such discussions, as has already been hinted, one must rigidly distinguish between what is done by the Church, as a body, and what is done by individuals, clerical or lay. Dr. Lehmann finds three classical cases in which the "Church" in America has sought to curb legitimate freedom of speech: attempts to suppress meetings held by adherents of the Barcelona-Madrid government; attempts to "destroy" Jehovah's Witnesses; support of anti-CIO and anti-Norman Thomas activities in Jersey City. Dr. Lehmann in discussing pressure exerted to stop pro-Loyalist meetings, themselves sponsored by persons who have been known, on occasion, to exert improper pressure, makes no distinction between legitimate pressure and illegitimate — any pressure against Madrid is, to him, reprehensible. And he neglects to point out that hundreds of such meetings were held without arousing any pressure against them. In discussing Jehovah's Witnesses he neglects to describe explicitly the nature of their attack on the Church, which is of the same sort as attacks by the *Menace* and Ku Klux Klan. It is a question whether such vicious and untruthful attacks may not, when the law provides penalties against malicious mischief, be so treated. In the special case of Jersey City, Dr. Lehmann, apart from a slurring reference to "a last-minute warning against Hagueism by Father [sic] Ryan in a speech in far-off Duluth," says nothing of the many strong objections expressed by Catholic papers, individuals and organizations, THE COMMONWEAL among others. But what is most incomprehensible about these attacks is that any liberal periodical should choose this moment in world history, when thousands of Catholics are in bitter exile for their opposition to fascism, when the hierarchy and the Pope have been strongest in their condemnation of statism, to launch a campaign against us, on the ground that "Catholics as a group cannot be counted on in any struggle against the forces of fascism in America."

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Kemal the Victorious

By C. O. CLEVELAND

AMONG the dictators of our time Kemal Ataturk had perhaps the strongest personality. Behind Lenin's work there were an ideology and a party with a history of six decades. Furthermore, he had the cooperation of friends and comrades of his own kind. Mussolini also and especially Hitler have been surrounded by companions of remarkable knowledge and experience, who more than once have influenced decisions. Indeed the Italian and the German leader have both constructed movements which at times have proved stronger than their personal wishes. Kemal Ataturk was a lone wolf. The fanatic energy with which he brutally destroyed the traditions of many centuries was completely his own, and it was his personal conception to force European civilization upon his unwilling Asiatic nation.

Kemal's favorite hobby was posing for pictures. If you travel through Soviet Russia you will find the same three or four pictures of Lenin again and again. Touring through Turkey you will see dozens of different pictures of Kemal Ataturk. That these photos exist at all, let alone Kemal's statue in Stamboul, is horrible in the eyes of every orthodox Moslem, who, following the teachings of the Koran, abhors any image of the human body. But what is even worse is the dress in which the leader of modern Turkey liked to be photographed. In only a very few photos will you see him in military dress. Rather he proudly dons that style of costume which to the oriental taste is the most ridiculous: cutaway, frockcoat or evening-dress, all three crowned with the shining top-hat. Kemal was self-assured enough to provoke the prejudices of his countrymen; as years went by, they became accustomed to what they realized was inevitable.

If you were to look for a parallel in history you would find in Peter the Great a character similar to Kemal's. But, compared with the westernizer of Russia, the Turkish dictator was a more radical and more effective transformer of his country's civilization. In less than two decades Turkish life has been turned upside down.

Kemal grew up in the tense atmosphere of a city which was half Greek and half Turkish and where that party was in the majority which allied itself with the Levantine Jews. His father was a Turkish merchant who died when Kemal was still a small child. His mother, Zubeida, is reported to have been half Albanian and half Macedonian. If this is true, the promoter of the Turkish race myth is only of half-Turkish descent himself. His mother wanted Kemal to become an Imam, but he did not do well in the Moslem school at Bitolj (Monastir) and ran away. After a few idle years which have afforded numerous headaches to his official biographers, he decided to take up a soldier's life and was sent to the General Staff College in Constantinople. Here he led a dissolute life and often went adventuring in the Greek and Armenian resorts of Galata. Nevertheless Kemal was a successful student, especially in mathematics. Like most young men of his generation he became an inspired reader of modern French novels and revolutionary literature and dreamed of one day changing the autocratic régime of the Sultan into a modern democracy. He was incautious enough to publish his radical sentiments in a little student newspaper, and on the very day of his graduation he was arrested. But the *ancien régime* in Turkey was less rigorous than later the "democratic" dictator. While later on students opposed to Kemal's policy were ruthlessly beheaded, the good-natured old beys connived at his radicalism, trusting that he might become more reasonable with the passage of time. So the young officer was cautioned and allowed to continue his career. He fought during the Turko-Italian War, and was in 1913 appointed military attaché to Bulgaria. It is difficult to judge how trustworthy the story is, but it is said that he fell head over heels in love with the daughter of the Bulgarian General Kovatchey, and that when she cynically rebuffed him he turned to gambling and drinking and the other indulgences of unsteady young men.

But the outbreak of the Balkan Wars took him away from Sofia's shabby dens of vice and opened to him the path of a brilliant military career. Although he opposed his country's entry into the World War on the side of Germany, he proved again his strategic brilliance and played a conspicuous part in the defeat of the Allies at Gallipoli in 1915.

After years of sickness and melancholia, during which he visited Berlin, Vienna and Carlsbad for political and medical reasons, he returned to active service just in time to share in the retreat of the Turks through Palestine, Syria and Anatolia. The crushing conditions of the armistice, which made Turkey a powerless plaything of the Allies, inflamed Kemal and suddenly inspired him to establish a new political party, the Turkish Nationalist party, which called for the continuation of Turkey's military resistance.

In the spring of 1919, the Greeks, made insolent by the fall of the Ottomans and encouraged

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by British and French politicians, landed troops in Smyrna. This attack stirred Turkish patriotism to its depths and paved the way for the successful development of Kemal's Nationalist party. A Constantinople Parliament with a large nationalistic majority adopted in January, 1920, Kemal's program of Turkish national self-determination, in accordance with Wilson's fourteen points. At the same time it denounced the corrupt Sultanate and asked for a modernization of Turkish internal policy. The Allies, however, were unalterably opposed to Turkey's recovery. In March the British returned to Constantinople and proclaimed martial law. Most of the Nationalist delegates escaped to Angora, where the rump Parliament constituted itself as the Grand National Assembly, and elected Kemal as President and Commander-in-Chief of the Turkish national army. Now Kemal achieved his first glorious triumph, as he was able to drive the invading Greeks out of Anatolia, the Allies proclaiming their neutrality in the Greco-Turkish War. After the battle of Sakharia, Kemal won the title of "Ghazi," victor over the infidels. But when Kemal tried to cross the Straits and drive the Non-Turks out of Eastern Thrace, he once more came into conflict with the Allies, who did not want the restoration of Turkish influence in Europe. After much intriguing and negotiating, an armistice was signed at Mudania which was followed by the Treaty of Lausanne, where the Turkish delegates spoke in the name of their unanimously elected President Kemal, the Grand National Assembly having deposed the Sultan some weeks before. The Ottoman Empire had been destroyed, but at Lausanne Turkey was reborn as a racial state with sovereignty over territories in which the Turks constituted a majority, but with the denial of the right to remilitarize the Straits. An exchange of Turks in Greece for Greeks in Anatolia was supposed to reenforce the national character of both states, Turkey and Greece. But while only 400,000 Turks returned to Turkey, about 1,500,000 Greeks and Armenians, who had practically monopolized commerce, were ousted from the Asiatic territory of Turkey.

THE NEW Turkish Republic faced the difficulty not only of reorganizing a country exhausted by war, but also of educating the nation to take over the functions which the Greeks and Armenians formerly fulfilled. Kemal was convinced that his task could only be achieved by westernizing Turkey. Though he had never been a particularly bookish young man, he had been deeply influenced by the philosophy of the enlightenment, and by the materialistic and positivistic trend of the nineteenth century. He was not at all of a religious nature. The Arabian influence in Turkey seemed to him an intellectual foreign invasion into Turkish life and he denounced it in the same way in which the Nordic Neo-Pagans now denounce the "Jewish" influence of Christianity.

The President's mental slant made hard demands on the professors of the Istanbul University, who still naively believed that science should serve truth. Kemal, in this regard a predecessor of the Nazis, wanted science to prove the superiority of the Turkish race. He favored professors who, like Zia Bey, boldly asserted that the old Mediterranean culture was of Turkish origin. By pretending that the Hittites were the forefathers of the Turks, this "historian" proved, with some acrobatic reasoning, that the Greeks were forefathers of the Turks, *quod erat demonstrandum*. Serious scholars, like the eminent professor Kröpülü Sade Fuad, who tried to stick to the facts and accused Zia Bey of charlatanry, were denounced as anti-Turkish and anti-Kemalist in the same way as those German professors who opposed Nazi race theories.

After glorifying the strength and the past glory of the Turkish race, Kemal proceeded to change the religious life of his nation. First he denounced the caliphate, which he said had only been a cause of dissension, anarchy and war; then he tried to change the Islamic mentality inside the Turkish borders. Like the Nazis he did not dare to outlaw at one stroke the religion which was entangled so deeply in the life of the nation, but he "modernized" the practises of Turkish Mohammedanism. It was no longer necessary to remove one's shoes prior to entering a mosque. Officials, upon assuming office, no longer had to swear by Allah, but, like western atheists, on their honor and by the Turkish nation. Music and chairs were permitted in services. The Arabian sermon disappeared. Instead of this the Imams were forced to read or to use as a basis for extempore elaboration a book of Turkish sermons composed by the Minister of Education. These sermons, similar to the "positive Christianity" of Reichbishop Müller, do not accept the Holy Scriptures as supernatural revelation but as merely clever philosophy of life which can be partly adopted for a modern national philosophy. They emphasize the activistic aspects of religion and ask believers to fulfil the tasks of modern life with honesty and love of the fatherland.

In this way the Islam in Turkey was separated from the Islam abroad. It became intellectually dependent on Kemal's philosophy of enlightenment, as well as financially dependent on the benevolence of his administration. The alms and charitable donations which had formerly been given direct to the clergy had now to be divided equally among the Red Half Moon (Turkish equivalent to the Red Cross), the Society of Child Protection and the Society for Air Armament. The education of the Muftis, Imams and Muezzins

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was transferred to state schools which aimed to educate them as propagandists of the new Turkish dispensation.

A change on a grand scale was also achieved in the social position of women. Kemal, for long years the friend of the Turkish suffragette, Halideh Edib, established the Swiss code, giving women equal rights with men and altering in this way the sacred status of centuries. Polygamy was no longer legal, the registration of marriages was required, and divorces had to be granted by the President. These were generally not easy to obtain, though Kemal immediately made use of his divorce power in dissolving his own marriage with Latifa, a feminist educated in the American College and eighteen years his junior, to whom he had been married three years.

The wearing of the veil, which was meant to seclude women from the public eye, was strictly prohibited. Women were admitted to practically all professions, including the judiciary, university teaching and elective office.

Also men were forced to give up their oriental habits. To wear the old-fashioned fez, the symbol of oriental dignity, became a crime which was severely punished, and the bazaars of all Turkey overflowed with the oldest specimens in the international hat-market.

Also the Turkish language was westernized by adopting the Latin alphabet and prohibiting the printing of books in Arabic characters. With stubborn purism every Arabic and Persian word was thrust from the Turkish vocabulary. Furthermore, the European numeral system, the Gregorian Calendar and the twenty-four hour clock were adopted, and the Turks forced to register with family names, European style. Mustafa Kemal accepted the name suggested to him by his followers, "Father of the Turks," or "Ataturk."

NO DOUBT these laws represent the most radical change a nation ever lived through in less than two decades. Everything oriental has been brutally annihilated. The dictator, fanatically driven by his faith in the superiority of everything European, never seemed aware how much of inner value, of beauty and contemplation, of individualism and personality was utterly destroyed by his seven-league-boots process of Europeanization.

Though Kemal claimed to be building a democracy as new Turkey, this was only a front to deceive the western powers. As a matter of fact Turkey became a totalitarian state. Kemal was the first of the dictators to prepare a ready-made list of members of Parliament for election day, to introduce the one-party system and to persecute those who were opposed to his ruling party.

Whatever one may think of Kemal's dictatorial methods, he was able to bring to his peasant state internal peace and to develop most of the industries Turkey needs. Though he had been flirted with from all sides, Kemal's foreign policy aimed at independence. Both Russia and Italy were unsuccessful in the attempt to involve Turkey in the network of their own politics. France recently allowed Turkish soldiers to control the Syrian sanjak of Alexandretta in the expectation of winning Kemal's diplomatic and strategic cooperation for France and England. But some months later the German Minister of Economics succeeded in negotiating a treaty of close cooperation with Turkey, which means that Turkey's economic structure will grow more dependent on the Third Reich.

When Hitler started to break the dictates of Versailles, the Turks prepared a propaganda campaign for the refortification of their Straits, which helped to attain their demand in a peaceful way. In the summer of 1936 the Montreux Straits Convention permitted the remilitarization and made Turkey again the strategic master of the line of communication between the Mediterranean and the Black Sea. This geo-political situation gives Turkey an importance as ally in war which can be claimed by no other state of 16,000,000 inhabitants. The stronger centralization of Kemal's government has helped, no doubt, to enable it to seize favorable circumstances and to keep peace for a country which has so often been the battlefield for conflicts between Occident and Orient.

Kemal Ataturk will go into history as one of its most ambiguous characters. When I lived in Turkey, during the years 1926-1927, there was much gossip about the dictator's brutality, his tactlessness, his drunkenness, his mean sexual instincts and his faithlessness to friends. But at the same time he was admired as the "Ghazi" and as the great statesman who had remodelled his nation after a clear pattern of his own making, and was considered to have exceptional strength of mind and power of will. Though less popular abroad than other dictators of our time, Kemal's energy was indeed inferior to none. His body, impaired by both excesses and fatigue, had often been given a brief lease of life by his physicians. But till now his lust for life and his joy of action have overcome these dark forecasts. Since Kemal towered over the other personalities in his entourage and the life of his party has less innate vitality than have the ruling parties of Germany, Italy and Russia, the blank brought by his death may raise a political problem.

But seen from a broader point of view, there is a religious problem too. Will his nation really be able to live in the spiritual vacuum forced upon her by Kemal Ataturk? Or will the suppressed soul of a once religious people explode into a new religious movement?

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Nazism and Spiritual Resistance

By EDWARD QUINN

DIETRICH VON HILDEBRAND wrote in 1934 about National Socialism ("Engelbert Dollfuss," page 25): "The openly anti-Christian tendencies of this movement were regarded as childhood sicknesses, as the phenomena accompanying a revolutionary stage (which always presents such radical features), which would disappear of themselves through a progressive consolidation." He showed the fallacy of this theory and presented his hero as one who understood the true menace of National Socialism. It seems however that, far from taking notice of these words, many conservative thinkers have not even been impressed by the murder of Dollfuss, the brutal annexation of Austria and inhuman treatment of its leaders, the cool threat of force to solve the problems of Central Europe nor by the continuous and ever-more open persecution of religion. All these things are attributed to the more radical members in the party who will disappear in the course of time. One theory prevalent among Catholics is that Hitler will be impressed by the former glory of the Roman and German Christian Empire and will revive something of the prestige of the Medieval Church. There are many who put all or most of the blame on the Versailles Treaty and think that the false philosophy of National Socialism will disappear when injustices—economic and political—are removed. This latter theory could scarcely be more neatly expressed than it was by Sir Arnold Wilson, writing in the London *Observer* of Sunday, October 23: "I detest many German ways. I have no sympathy with National Socialist philosophy but I regard both as transitory phases, direct consequences of external and economic pressure."

The Nazis themselves insist their system must endure. There is nothing more striking than the constant use of the word "eternal" by their leaders in reference to the Nazi way of life and they will not have it that politics can be separated from their philosophy or that any aspect of the German's life can be regarded as independent of the State's authority. After five years of Nazi rule, in which the system has grown stronger rather than weaker and yet remains as brutally logical as ever, these expressions cannot be airily dismissed as the wild speeches of fanatics who will soon cease to be a menace. And when it is borne in mind that National Socialism has its roots much further back in the past than the Versailles Treaty, there is real reason to fear that it may last long enough to bring about radical changes not only in Germany but in Europe and beyond.

There is actually a close parallel between the Nazi revolution of 1933 and the French Revolution of 1789 and it is quite reasonable to expect that the results of the one may be at least as permanent as the results of the other. The spirit behind the French Revolution was created largely by Rousseau and the Encyclopedists in the earlier part of the eighteenth century; the masses who actually did the fighting were of course ignorant of these doctrines and merely sought to destroy their former oppressors. In Napoleon a man was found who seemed to give expression to the newfound ideals of the French people and who was capable of leading a crusade to spread these doctrines over Europe. When he was finally overcome and the French state consolidated under new rulers, the philosophy of Rousseau remained and was given practical expression in the Liberal democracies of the nineteenth century.

Hegel in the last century formulated a crueller political philosophy than that of Rousseau, but one which commended itself to the harder Prussian minds; Houston Stewart Chamberlain and Gobineau constructed a fantastic "Aryan" doctrine which appealed to the German, newly conscious of a national spirit, more than did the cold French rationalism. The Germans of the Austrian Empire resented what they regarded as exploitation on the part of the Hapsburg rulers and of the Church with which they were associated and therefore formed an anti-Hapsburg, anti-Rome "Pan-German" movement which might correspond to the mass opposition of the French to the Church and the nobility in the eighteenth century. When the revolution did come, a second Napoleon, vaguely conscious of the Hegelian doctrines, acutely aware of the Aryan problem and ardently supporting the pan-German ideals, was already on the spot. Adolf Hitler consciously strives to impress a creed on Europe and ruthlessly liquidates all opposition to his ideas at home.

It is asserted sometimes that he does not wish to impose his ideas on non-German peoples and he has already stated that he has no further territorial claims in Europe. But he said this before the Czechoslovakian interlude and before the annexation of Austria and, for the sake of consistency, he may use a technique with which we are now becoming familiar and intervene to "liberate" rather than claim those German-speaking areas which can be presented as oppressed. In view too of the Nazi outlook which holds that right is what suits the people (*Recht ist was dem Volke nützt*) it would be over-optimistic to expect

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him to mean by his words what the common sense of the average man would understand. For, from the moment that the fulfilment of a promise seems to injure the interests of the nation, it becomes a sacred duty to abandon it. As to non-German peoples, he is content to recognize their independence provided their policy is in accordance with his own and that they take care to keep out of their governments individuals who might disagree with his claims. Hence Czechoslovakia has to cease to harbor refugees who flee from the Nazi terror and England is told it will be bad for her if a Winston Churchill becomes Prime Minister.

Nor is much comfort to be drawn from the fact that the thoroughgoing Nazis are in a minority and, even at that, disagree among themselves. Revolutions are always made by a minority and when success is attained, the majority seeking law and order and hoping for peace support the new government. It was so in 1789 and again in the Communist revolution of 1917.

SINCE National Socialism has gone from triumph to triumph in the past five years and has had time to train large numbers of German young people in its ideas, it is probable that it will maintain power as other successful revolutionary systems have done. And the very fact of success will be regarded as justification for the philosophy which is behind all Nazi activity. What it means is that the Versailles Treaty has been made the occasion to complain of injustice in order to permit the practical consequences of that philosophy to be realized. It is part of the Nazi *Weltanschauung* that all Germans by race should belong to the one state and for that reason it was necessary to absorb the Sudeten areas of Czechoslovakia, but Hitler cleverly urged the democratic powers to see that by opposing his claims they were rejecting the very principle of self-determination which they had made sacred at Versailles.

It is therefore useless to urge concession as a way of solving the problem which National Socialism presents to the world. Concessions may get rid of the injustices created by the treaties but they will create even more fundamental injustices, the deprivation of the right to live for non-Aryan Germans and the destruction of the Church's right to condemn immoral political actions, and they will not get rid of the philosophy out of which the problem has arisen.

The alternative to concession is resistance. But this too, so long as it is by means of material force, seems to leave the problem still unsolved. It creates martyrs and strengthens the attachment of those who live to their particular religion (for Nazism is also a religion). Besides, it is hard to see how force could now be effective. If England and France, aided by the defensive forces of the old Czechoslovakia, with at least the economic resources of the British Empire and probably the practical sympathy of the United States, were not prepared to meet the threat of force by instant action, how can we expect the German people, unaided, not organized, to face the terrible power of the most appalling secret police organization outside Russia and resist a government which is continually being more firmly established in power? And now that the economic resources of Germany have been so vastly extended, the issue of a war with that country must be just as doubtful as it was certain before the fall of the Czech resistance. Further, it seems that war is itself such a dreadful thing that even those Germans who are most opposed to the present régime would prefer to suffer the ills they have than risk consequences that cannot be foreseen. It was hoped before that not force but the threat of force would have changed the course of German politics.

Only a spiritual resistance can be successful in the end. It is the Catholic revival in France which shows the happiest signs of overcoming the anti-clerical tendencies of the Third Republic, and hope lies in Russia largely with the growth of a Church purified by martyrdom and suffering and relieved of its odious connection with an oppressing State. Similarly the common front of Christians in Germany, their prayers and suffering—particularly if it goes as far as martyrdom, will show the power of the Christian *Weltanschauung* and the real poverty of Nazism. That will take time, especially as the secular forces are so strong in the world today and in view of the confusion of spirit created among those who think that National Socialism is the sincere enemy of Godless Communism. Both are in fact diverse forms of the one secular spirit, which has grown out of the faithlessness of the past two or three hundred years. It is that spirit which has to be destroyed in the modern world and it can only be overcome by the Spirit of God, working in the mind and will of individuals wholly devoted to the things of the Spirit, enlightened and strengthened by the Paraclete.

The Word

Greater than the word is the word,
For in its syllables
Are woven speaking hands
Moving with the lips moving,
And in its sound a thousand, tongues
Myriad voices shading again its music
One word may be a threat
Bronze and terrible
Or a caress
Tender as a swan's feather floating,
Or a dull surmise
Flat and firm as a hand
Laid on a table of polished wood.

SARA VAN ALSTYNE ALLEN.

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How to Make Molasses

By LEO R. WARD

THE PEOPLE for making molasses are a man and a woman and the three or four bigger boys and girls. The process is begun in the spring, during the corn planting. A patch of ground is picked then, usually a three-cornered piece where the corn rows begin to run out short and to be a nuisance to the man on the planter. The man says: "I think it'll be that patch there toward the far ditch; where the west hill runs down into that sort of pocket, you know, and the slough cuts in on the field."

"Well, that's strong ground all right, if it's just big enough. We always want to be good and sure about that."

The seed is soaked for a couple of hours to get it to sprout and come quickly through the ground. Then at the end of May, when all the corn is planted and the earliest of it is beginning to stir and to break the soil, the cane goes in: planted by hand, in rows made by the runners of an old sled dragged through the dust.

No crop is slower to make a start. Cane seems to lie idle and dead in the best land. Late in June, with the corn stretching up now toward a man's knee and being crossed or "run" for the second time, the cane barely begins to show. Just a faint, gosling green at first, and only a trained eye can tell it from the young foxtail. It has the unhealthiest look, and people are slow to say whether the stand is too thick or too thin.

At last, it gathers life and vigor. In August, during the very hot dry days when the corn is suffocated, when it really wilts under the southwest winds, its lowest leaves almost rattling, the cane goes to work, it leaps up, and once it has made its mark across the field it is not stopped by a little drought. It is a good dry-weather crop. Its tassel pushes up, a sickly color like the stalk and leaves; then it darkens, and toward September it is glossy like linseed. The cane is ready to be taken in now and made into molasses. But first it must be stripped and topped where it stands. Man or woman says: "Looks to me like that cane would be as well off where it is for another week, or maybe ten days. Now is when it grows."

Maybe it had just as well stand. But people have to keep both eyes open. For they know how sappy the molasses is when it is made from green cane, and they also know that if cane gets hit hard by frost it sours and the molasses then is not fit for man or beast.

The big boys and girls are into the cane on their ways from school. They have started to strip. They make a mark, a dent, no more than a good beginning; they set out in a gingerly way on the short rows and go a rod or two apiece. On Saturday, everyone is into the cane, and there is no afternoon off and no hour off; the day is all day. Even so, the boys fool with trick ways of getting the cane stripped; they try to stroke the leaves off with laths or staves. The device is little good, and cannot be used at all on down-stalks or on the lowest leaves of standing stalks. A boy might as well take his medicine. He runs up and down the stalk with his hand, grabbing stalk after stalk and leaf after leaf, humping the stalk over to get the leaves at the top, squatting on his heels to get those near the ground. "Hey! He's not doing the down-stalks!" boy shouts of boy. "Make him do them; they're leaning over into his row." By night, a dozen whole rows are done. And twice as many remain to be done; the boys know; they have had them all counted for a month.

At last the cane is stripped. But backs are sore, and most of all the shoulders and necks ache from reaching and looking up; and hands have been slitted between the fingers by the sharp blades of leaves. No time to be doctoring the wounds now. There is work to do.

Anyone likes to top the cane, it goes so fast and is such a relief after the slow dull work of stripping. A tall boy takes two rows up the field and two down. He gathers four or five stalks into one hand and with a stroke of the cornknife in the other he chops off the heads, some of which will be put away for seed, in a dry place and out of reach of mice and sparrows. Then the naked and headless stalks are cut off at the ground and hauled to the mill. The blade of the knife and the cut end of the stalk must always be kept out of the dirt.

For three or four weeks, the boys have had a kind of sugar-water by sucking the juice from the stalk. "Pretty good already; here, try a joint."

"Ya, soon be fit for molasses."

The boy breaks the stalk just at the joint; it won't break anywhere else, but holds on like a bramble of hedge or hickory. He peels the joint, which means that he tears off the rind, from joint to joint, in long strings or limber sticks; then he chews the pulp. Or he sucks the juice directly from the stalk, careful not to let lips or tongue get caught in the cracked rind. It is pleasant to take the juice in that way, a sip at a time; to run the finger-tip through the whitish powder, white dotted with purple and rust, inside the base of the leaf, and not be worried about the chinch bugs,

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inactive this year but always hidden at the butt of every leaf; and it is pleasant not to wonder at all but to accept the slight, straight up-and-down fluting or dent that runs the length of every joint but changes with the leaves from side to side of the stalk.

THAT was fun, of course. But today we are grinding out the juice: three barrels of it, nearly three hours to the barrel, trickling down from the mill, and squirts of it repeatedly flying into our face and over our clothes as we feed stalks into the mill. By night the sticky suit of jacket and overalls can be left almost standing by itself.

Grinding cane is labor. We must keep the horse going on the lead-pole, we must keep three or four or five stalks pouring straight through the slots into the mill, we must keep bits of leaf and pulp from damming up the gunneysack through which the sap is strained into the barrel, we must keep an eye on the barrel that it doesn't overflow, we must keep the stack of pommey mowed away where it wriggles out at the back of the mill. All this is a full-time job for any boy. Then toward the heel of the evening, the boy, never minding that he has been busy and has grown a bit tired, will help older people to lift the day's second batch of cooked molasses from the fire.

The pommey or sapless stalk is good for nothing, unless for banking pig-sheds or filling ditches. Cows like it, but it would turn them dry.

Two batches of molasses are cooked in a day. The furnace is a trough dug into the earth on a slope, and lies open at the lower end where the fire is fed. Wood for the fire, so we always thought, ought to be clean and almost precious. For many seasons, we burned whiteoak rails that had been bleached in the sun for twenty or thirty years. We made our own boiler, the bottom and rounded ends of sheet iron, the long sides of yellow pine; it had no cover, but we shedded it over, to protect fire and sap, if a rainy spell set in. The handles of the boiler were four horseshoes, one side of each nailed to the wood, the other side in the air so that two hickory poles, brought green from the woods each fall, could be run into the open heels of the shoes to lift the cooked molasses from the furnace.

One need not be strong but should be wise to tend the cooking. When only sixteen I tried it, but kept the fire blazing too long at the finish and my molasses came off with a faintly burnt taste and had to be put into a keg by itself where it stayed till spring when the good molasses was all gone. Ninety gallons of sap is poured through a flour-sack into the boiler at sunrise, and in two hours or so, if the fire is pushed, it begins to simmer, and soon then it is boiling up. An ugly scum, like pond-water in August, keeps coming to the surface and has to be skimmed off; the sap itself, which was sweet when sucked from the stalk, is in bulk now and is sickening in look and taste. Toward noon, a little more than ten gallons of the liquid remains, and is thickening fast. As it boils now in the bottom of the pan, every color runs through it. The scummy green is gone and in its place are tan and gold and tawny, umber and oak, weaving into each other. It comes up chestnut at the center where the fire is hottest, and bubbles and foams away into russet and cream at the edges and ends of the pan.

"Watch it close, now! It's nearly done."

"Look at this I took up not a minute ago in the saucer, will you? See, it sticks as it drips from the spoon. I think it's about right, don't you?"

"Here's the poles, ready. Now don't slip there."

"Be careful! It's tilting toward the lower far corner."

It is off the fire and is taken up with a dipper and poured scalding hot through a funnel into a barrel. "My!" says man or woman. "Did you ever see it nicer?"

"Lovely. Room for a couple more batches in this barrel, don't you think?"

The children lick the boiler. They scrape up the bit of molasses left on the bottom, now between hot and cool, using spoons or paddles, or little scoops made of the rind of cane.

The week is hard, and the day, eating into the night at both ends, is very long. But there is time to talk about the quality of each batch; the product is never quite right, not altogether perfect. "Just a shade thick. That we took off at noon was thin, if anything, but it was a nicer color, lighter and yellower. This is soon going to be dark, I think, like old molasses."

"The best we made yet this year was the day before yesterday noon; clear, and the color of worked taffy."

"Hard to beat that; maybe though, didn't you think, just the least suggestion of burn in it."

Child Asleep

The restless child that would not rest
But cried because she could not cease
Lies curled upon her mother's breast
At last at peace.

She would not sleep and yet she lies
Unconscious of her wayward will.
The tears that glistened in her eyes
Are on her eyelids still.

She does not know when she was blest
Or who caressed her fretted brow.
She does not know she is at rest
And smiling now.

HARRIET SAMPSON.

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Edith Wharton

By AGNES REPPLIER

THE DEATH of Edith Wharton is like the blotting out of a brilliant star from our horizon. There is no one to take her place, no one who is such a past master of English or who can write with such beautiful precision. We cannot find a misused word or a slovenly sentence in all her books. If there is not a vast deal of humanity in them, there is enough for her purpose and for our pleasure. She could come close to it, as in "Ethan Frome," and make our sympathies suffer from the contact; or she could play around it as in "The Temperate Zone," and give us the harmless pleasure that a sense of escape affords. Indeed we are always escaping from something in Mrs. Wharton's stories. So, too, is she. We escape in good company.

When "The House of Mirth," that brilliant and barren novel, was published, Dr. Weir Mitchell said to me: "It is a book on the uplands of literature." So was all she wrote. A true artist, she aimed at perfection, and never fell contentedly beneath it. In the matter of detail she reached it. Her houses and the rooms in her houses are real, even when the people who inhabit them are shadowy. This is what gives such finish to her ghost stories. She is curiously lenient to her ghosts. She does not resent their unwarranted intrusion into the land of the living. After all this is our world, and it is not too good or too abundant for our needs. If spirits inhabit the vasty deep, why cannot they stay there? If spirits inhabit the circumambient air, their space is limitless. But on earth, where the very right to live has to be fought for and conquered, there is no room for anything but men and angels. Angels are welcome, but very shy. Saints see them, or believe they do; but ordinary men accept them on faith.

"Angels and ministers of grace defend us!"

are the words which rise unbidden to Hamlet's lips when fear clutches at his heart. The ghost pays no attention to them. Like all practically minded specters, it has an *idée fixe*. If it be merciless in demanding redress, it knows that it belongs to the "strengthless dead," and can only urge action on the living.

This was a good old conservative, satisfactory point of view. If we were liable to be frightened by a ghost—and it was but reasonable that we should be—then the ghost could have its own way. If we were not frightened, it could only "with a blush retire." Its peculiar function was at an end. But Mrs. Wharton's ghosts are not such weaklings. They know how to enforce attention, and their hands are far from "strengthless." The ghost of "Mr. Jones" strangles the housekeeper because his papers have been read, although she did not read them, and could not have prevented others from doing so. "When it came to those papers, he wouldn't ever listen to human reason," explains the housekeeper's niece, striving to clarify the situation. But what has human reason to do with ghosts? If they cannot be treated like the living, and refuse to be treated like the dead, where does our safety lie?

The short story is a difficult form of art, and the ability to write it does not last except in France where every art is cherished and preserved. British and American authors, though they have excelled in this field, abandon it early for novel-writing, which for some mysterious reason seems to come easy to everyone. Katharine Fullerton Gerould began her career with a short story called "Vain Oblations" which was so relentlessly tragic that nobody wants to remember it, and nobody can possibly forget. She wrote other tales that were good, but not so good as this one, and then inevitably she took to different kinds of authorship. Mrs. Wharton has written two stories, "The Descent of Man" and "The Other Two," that equal the best French models. They are no more than incidents, but they are the kind of incidents on which life hangs. They are unsurpassed in the austerity of their treatment and in the pruning of accessories. They are painstakingly ironic, but they have the grace of pity. There is room for pity in the truth-teller's heart.

Ah, croyez-moi, l'erreur a son mérite.

That Mrs. Wharton could not or would not persevere in the field which she had conquered was inevitable. She abandoned it as her predecessors had done. Her one masterpiece in protracted fiction is "The Children." It has all the force of satire and all the tenderness of compassion. Her heart was ever open to children, although she never idealized them. It was for their sake that she had nothing but contempt for the divorce courts. That parents, eager for new alliances, should disregard the claims of children to consideration seemed to her monstrous. Fathers and mothers will fight for the control of their offspring; but refuse to modify a somewhat expansive moral code for their benefit. In that misnamed book, "The Custom of the Country," the poor little boy who is the son of the second husband and has learned to love the third, is painfully concerned when the first says to him with hearty kindness: "I will make you the richest boy in the United States." It is a glittering promise, but the child is

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too young for bribery. He knows he loves the quiet Frenchman who for a time figured as his father, and the sudden appearance of this arrogant American who has prior claims on his diversely claimed mother brings nothing but confusion to his heart.

No American has been more frank in her—or his—attitude to money than has Mrs. Wharton. It is a thing ever present in her books with the merciful exception of "The Children." It controls "The House of Mirth" so relentlessly that we are never permitted to forget it, and it crashes down in the last chapter with the malign force of a tornado. "The destruction of the poor is their poverty" is the keynote of that tragic book. It is a poverty without the saving grace that has upheld the world. It is a thing of vulgarity and shame. Where no life is rich within, the accessories of life, furniture and rugs and table appointments, take upon themselves an importance which is the equivalent of dignity. When the finer aspects of human intercourse are lacking, there must be something, some ritual, some social observances to take their place. Of these make-believes Mrs. Wharton was a skilled manipulator. She knew what was really good, but she also knew what could be made to pass; and of things that could be made to pass she built her fragile and sometimes sordid world.

The Great War lifted this understanding woman into another sphere. With every opportunity to see it at close range, and with widening sympathies that never missed their mark, she found her field and held it. She could give to France only her faithful heart, but to Belgium she gave help. Her tribute of homage was paid with the two noble verses, the best she ever wrote, that begin

> Not with her ruined silver spires,

but she tasked herself to raise money for the refugees, and her "Book of the Homeless" provided it. No author or artist who was asked to contribute to this volume dreamed of refusing; but the labor of the whole fell upon its founder who sacrificed time and strength without limit to a work which was both a gesture of fealty and a deed of kindness.

In "Ethan Frome" and "The Children" Mrs. Wharton reached her high-water mark. There is little room for irony in these books because of the tragic simplicity of the first and the deep understanding of the second. "Ethan Frome" is built of granite. There is no yielding on the author's part to any grace of sentiment, there is no mercy shown. Man and woman are doing their duty, and the result is heart-breaking. Wrong exacts its penalty, but right brings no relief. In such a tale one misses—heavens, how one misses—the Latin touch. For the Latins there is always a quality of pity, a gleam of compensation, a balance which provides some modicum of help. They are cruel, but they are not inhuman. An ancient inheritance has endowed them with imperishable pity.

Mrs. Wharton left a nearly finished novel when she died. "The Buccaneers" is uncommonly like all her work except "The Children" and the ghost stories. It is on familiar lines, being the tale of the Closson girl "who was known not to be Closson's daughter, but to bear some strange, exotic name like Santos Dios." "The Colonel says that's not swearing, it's the language," comments Mrs. St. George, who does not wish her daughter to go round with this improperly labeled young person, but who is as powerless as only an American mother can be to prevent it. A good deal of the narrative we see through the eyes of a little brown governess who bears the convincing name, Testvalley. Naturally we are disposed to take her word. Such a name carries conviction. But she does not tell us much. The best of the book is its always perfect setting, and its brief description of people about whom we should like to hear more.

The Mystical Body of Christ

By WILLIAM R. O'CONNOR

IS IT correct to refer to the Mystical Body as a metaphor? Many have asked that question (e. g., Dr. Virgil Michel in THE COMMONWEAL of October 28) and it deserves a reply.

It is important in this matter to keep clearly in mind the term we are using and the reality that lies behind the term. The term "Mystical Body" is a metaphor but the reality it covers, unity with Christ, is by no means metaphorical. Father Marsch in "The Whole Christ" says in reference to the terms "Mystical Body" and "members and Head": ". . . These metaphors, for such they are, merely indicate a unity that transcends the biological realities from which they are taken" (page 9). Father Prat in his "Theology of St. Paul" makes the same point. He sees in the theory of the Mystical Body not a mere abstraction, a purely mental creation, but a genuine reality, and adds: "Let us remark, however, that this reality is expressed by a metaphor, like all immaterial and transcendental objects, and to appreciate fully the value of a metaphorical term it is necessary to go back to the comparison concealed under the metaphor" (English translation, volume I, page 300 f.).

"The Mystical Body of Christ" therefore is a reality not in the sense that Christ literally has another body besides His physical body, which is impossible, but only in the sense that a unity exists

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between Himself and certain others, and by a graceful and natural metaphor we, after Saint Paul, can refer to Him as the Head and those others who are united with Him as His members, or the union between the two can be called a body in which He is the Head and they are the members, or, finally, we can simply designate those who are united with Him as His body. Evidently we are using metaphors to designate a great reality.

Why do we call this body "mystical"? It is the Church, and not Saint Paul, that uses this term to characterize those who form one body with Christ by their union with Him. What does it mean?

If we use the term "mystical" in the sense of "mysterious," then we arrive at a sense of the Mystical Body of Christ which, while true, is not altogether adequate. It would refer in this case to the nature of the bond that links the members with the Head, Christ. By faith and baptism we become members of Christ's visible Church and the Church is the body of Christ, not physically of course nor only in a moral sense with no objective reality linking up the Head with the members. No, we are real members of that body by the ontological bond of the habit of faith and the baptismal character, and we are living members by another such link, sanctifying grace. By these mysterious, supernatural bonds, which for lack of a better term we can call mystical, we are as truly one with Christ as the branches are one with the trunk of a tree by means of the life-giving sap that permeates the whole organism.

This concept of the Mystical Body is absolutely correct—as far as it goes. The Church, even the visible Church, is the Mystical Body of Christ, the extension of Christ in space and time. The question arises, however, is the Mystical Body exactly co-terminous with the visible Church? There are some who look upon the Mystical Body solely from the organization point of view, and they would say "Yes." Others would extend the Mystical Body so as to include all in the state of grace (the so-called "soul" of the Church) even though they were not members of the visible organization. In neither of these views however is the Church, the Mystical Body of Christ, something universal.

A proper understanding of the Mystical Body and one that will do it full justice can be had only when we read behind the adjective "mystical" the "mystery" mentioned by Saint Paul in Ephesians and Colossians. A mystery is a secret, it is something that is not understood. Saint Paul had a secret to divulge to the members of his race that shocked them when they heard it. Their minds were closed on the question of salvation, conceiving it as a privilege reserved in its fulness for only one race. Any other concept was simply a mystery to them, they could not understand it. Yet this was the message of Saint Paul: ". . . The mystery has been made known to me . . . which in other generations was not known to the sons of men . . . that the Gentiles should be fellow heirs and of the same body, and co-partners of His promise in Christ Jesus" (Ephesians, iii, 1-13). He even went further and declared that "the mystery of His will" was "to reestablish all things in Christ, that are in heaven and on earth, in Him" (ibid., i, 7-10). The "mystery" therefore for Saint Paul means that salavation is open to all, without social or racial distinction.

THIS is essentially the idea that lies behind the Mystical Body for Saint Thomas. It is a redemptive term and Redemption, since it is universal in its extent and influence, establishes Christ, the Redeemer, as the head of all humanity. In the "Summa Theologica," III, Q.8, a.3, Saint Thomas makes it clear that all men from the beginning of the world even to its end are members of the Mystical Body and constitute what he calls the body of the Church. The body of the Church for him is by no means the same as that which we are accustomed to oppose to the soul of the Church. When we speak this way we are speaking from the viewpoint of exterior Revelation made by Christ and the Apostles and carried on down the ages by the visible Church. In this sense we become members of the body of the Church when we adhere to this Revelation exteriorly by faith professed in baptism. The body of the Church in this sense is not universal since in the course of ages many have not received baptism. They belong to Christ nevertheless since they have all been redeemed by Him. All mankind forms in different degrees the "mystical" body of the Church, while the baptized form its visible body.

Saint Thomas considers the Mystical Body from the point of view of the Redemption, which is universal, and makes it accordingly as wide as humanity itself. Membership in the Mystical Body varies in proportion to the degree of actual union with Christ, the Head. Some are actually united with Him by faith and by charity, both in heaven and on earth. Those who fall from grace but retain the Faith are only imperfectly united with Him and members of His Mystical Body. The rest of mankind is at least potentially united with Him, so that only the finally impenitent in the next life can be said to be not even potentially united with Christ and members of His Mystical Body. All men on earth, whether united with Christ actually or only potentially, are in these varying degrees members of the Mystical Body because all are the objects of the redemptive will and come under its influence.

Even the angels for Saint Thomas are members of the Mystical Body, not because they were redeemed by Christ but because He is set over them as their head and they feel His influence.

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Here is a dynamic conception of the Mystical Body that is foreign to those modern theologians who make it co-extensive with the visible Church. Since the days of the sixteenth century there has been a tendency to neglect the members of Christ's Mystical Body who are only potentially united with Him and to identify the Mystical Body with the visible Church or, by way of concession, to include in it the so-called soul of the Church. If we do that, we at once destroy its universality. Did not Christ however identify Himself with the poor and the outcast and the down-trodden and the unfortunate, His "least brethren" in the Judgment scene? Did He not speak of the "other sheep I have that are not of this fold"? Where He has not distinguished, why should we distinguish? Saint Paul made no distinction when he said that God "will have all men to be saved and to come to the knowledge of the truth," and Saint Thomas makes no distinction when he teaches that all men, even though from the point of view of baptism and the state of grace they are only potentially united with Christ, yet from the standpoint of Redemption constitute His Mystical Body.

The visible Church is *par excellence* the Mystical Body of Christ, likewise all in the state of grace whether they belong to the visible Church or not. If you would also see members of this Mystical Body—call them potential members if you will—go down early some morning to 115 Mott Street and look at the men, over 1,500 of them, lined up for coffee and bread at the home of the Catholic Worker. Listen to the Communist as he rails at religion as the opium of the people. The Nazi and the Fascist whom perhaps your soul cannot abide, the unfortunate in prison who have no use for God or religion—they all have a common bond. It may not be faith and it may not be grace but it is the Blood of Christ shed to redeem them. That is what makes them all members of His Mystical Body, each in his own way.

M. Maritain has said, "Vae mihi, si non thomistizavero." We can make a good beginning by returning to Saint Thomas's concept of the Mystical Body. It has this in common with communism: both are world-wide in their outlook. The communist, however, may refuse to call us "Comrade" but we cannot refuse to call him "Brother in Christ." The mystery of Redemption embraces him as well as ourselves and in that mystery all men are one.

Finally, in the interests of clarity and to avoid all misunderstanding, would it not be better to refer to the visible Church as the Body of Christ, as Saint Paul does, and to use the term Mystical Body to designate the totally different concept of humanity as the object of Christ's redeeming power, as Saint Thomas does? We are obliged to belong to the Body of Christ, we already belong to His Mystical Body by the fact that we are men.

Views & Reviews

BY MICHAEL WILLIAMS

ALTHOUGH the results of the national election very decidedly seem to have restored the Republican party to life, so much so that in all probability what may also be called a complete victory for that party in the 1940 presidential election appears to be almost certain, it may turn out that the real significance of the November voting was that it marked the beginning of the end of the whole party system of government in our country. Party labels will of course be still employed for some considerable time, and these labels and slogans and catch-words may keep most of the public from perceiving what is really happening, but under the surface of the political scene the party system is being transformed. What will emerge from the alembic in which all the social and political elements are now dissolving and seeking recombination can of course only be guessed at, but it seems fairly safe to guess that we are well on the way toward a period of political experimentation in which we shall strive to find our way to establish some form of government far more stable than the party system can be. The New Deal began this period of experimentation. But the defeat of the New Deal on November 8 is not the defeat of the nation's experimental mood, although so many editorial writers have declared precisely that to be the meaning of the vote. On the contrary—or so, at least, it seems to me—the New Deal has merely merged into another deal of the cards, into a new combination of political forces; but the game to be played will not be the same old game of the same old party system.

That system belonged to the epoch of economic liberalism, and it worked very well so long as that epoch was in its expansive and productive phase. It was also linked up with neutrality of religious force—with the absence of any universal, or even national, or racial, or class, spirit of unity. In other words, it was negative as a moral force. When the party system flourished in England, and in Europe (among a few powerful nations, but never in Europe as a whole), and then in America (healthily in the United States, but feverishly and imperfectly in South and Central America), the ethical and moral teachings of Christendom were still prevalent, were more or less accepted as a matter of course, although the authority of the Church as their supreme custodian was universally repudiated. But as the influence of Christian ethics and morality was confined more and more to private channels, more and more it evaporated and disappeared in public life—particularly from political life. And so when economic liberalism crashed so completely in the depression after the war, the party system of government also crashed, in country after country. As an English writer, Mr. F. R. Hoare, has pointed out in an essay published with others in a volume of papers read at the Summer School of Catholic Studies held at Cambridge, England, in 1935, various devices, or attempts at compromise, in England and in America, tend to disguise the

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fact that both in England and here the party system has already begun to break up. The process that has been completed in Germany and Italy and Russia is at work in France and England and it surely is not absent in the United States.

Whether we like it or not, or whether we are conscious of the fact or not, the truth is that our social system is vitally connected with that of Europe. Our origins and roots are in the culture and religion of Europe. This is true of England, too, of course; yet, as Mr. Hoare says, the English people live on the fringe of Europe, so to speak, and for all their national self-centeredness, cannot escape being affected by the fundamental movements of European life. These reach them late, however, sometimes only a few years after they arise, sometimes not for a generation. We in the United States are much in the same relation to these movements; but never are we free from them. Now in England, the trend away from the full working of the party system is well marked. The "national party" movement, dominated by the Conservatives, is the proof of that trend. The same thing is now happening in France. The "New Deal" began it for us. And I for one think that it will go on; under whatever changes from "Democratic" to "Republican" labels have come about because of the recent elections, or the greater changes probably coming in 1940. One party government has definitely arrived, signalized by greater powers granted to the executive branch of the government. If the "Republicans" win control of the "party" system, they will be compelled, by the necessities of our national situation, to retain those centralized powers, and to extend them. The party system's true name is Humpty Dumpty—and it fell from the wall in 1932.

Communications

ARE WE FAIR TO THE CHURCH?

Oakland, Calif.

TO the Editors: Kindly permit me to reply to Walter O'Hagan's letter in the October 7 COMMONWEAL.

The Church is like a big family, and all its members should treat each other with the greatest consideration, affection and love. Now, if I have constructive criticism to offer any member of my natural family I surely would not think of publishing it, but in the privacy of the home I should and would submit my suggestion. Likewise any good and reasonable idea I might have for the welfare of my parish I would submit to my pastor; if I thought it would benefit my diocese I would submit it to my bishop, and, finally, if I considered my idea or constructive criticism of advantage to the Church at large I would submit it to the Holy Father.

In these things we must remember that we laymen cannot run the Church—and any sound suggestion we may have must be submitted (not imposed) to our ecclesiastical superiors in true humility and patience, cautiousness and diplomacy, praying, at the same time, that it be accepted if it is God's will.

L. C. MACER.

LaGrange, Ill.

TO the Editors: Like the Reverend William Busch, I too think E. I. Watkin's article, in THE COMMONWEAL of September 30, is a penetrating article that should be reread and pondered over. But why I wonder does Father Busch select those who might be enthusiastic about Bishop Lucey's article as readers who should give special thought to Mr. Watkin's article? Is there some particular danger for people with a passion for social justice in a clear-cut statement on economic problems, even when written by a bishop who is an authority in that field? Frankly I don't think there is. Indeed it might well be that the Catholic who was not enthusiastic about Bishop Lucey's articles should be the one to watch his step.

It should be an ever-present job for Catholics to ponder over the revolt against God not only by those outside the Church but, in a way, by most of us within the Church. We should, like Saint Thomas, ponder man's inability to pray when he is famished, or as Bishop Lucey did, inquire into the wisdom of our economic and political policies.

C. V. HIGGINS.

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editors: I am in thorough accord with Bishop Lucey's articles in your recent issues. Catholics cannot keep aloof from the labor and democratic movements of the nation. To establish this, one needs look no further than the situation in Austria, where Nazi annexation was accepted by Cardinal Innitzer and other Catholic clergy, only later to be persecuted and betrayed.

Catholics must keep abreast of modern industrial times, and if they have made any mistakes in the past, these must be corrected. I suggest that sympathetic study be given to the principles and purposes of the CIO.

I think the present tragic story of Europe is proving that Catholic life is incompatible with a denial of democracy in government, and that therefore we must do our full share in preserving our democratic institutions.

JOHN A. MCGINNIS, JR.

Easton, Pa.

TO the Editors: There are quite a few Catholics throughout the country who are sometimes called "well-meaning but thoughtless extremists" for their stand against capitalism and the industrial development of society. They aim and work toward an ideal Catholic society and present Catholic ideas and truths, realizing their power. They also work for trade unions, cooperatives, etc., as a means of attaining a Christian society.

These "extremists" have probably read such fine authors as Eric Gill, A. J. Penty and N. Berdyaev and thereby know that capitalism and the ideas which brought it about secularized thoughts and subjected the spiritual to the temporal, thus making it possible for those totalitarian and anti-Catholic ideologies of Fascism and Communism.

Capitalism (buying cheap and, after a lapse of time, selling dear) is not in accord with Christian ideas for it is really the selling of time which belongs to God, therefore being another form of usury.

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Catholicism is not compatible with the industrial development of society "for at the root of Catholicism is the doctrine of human responsibility and that state in which human responsibility is denied or diminished is a state in which Catholicism cannot flourish: Man is man all the time, and not only in his spare time. In an industrial state, men, 'working men,' the majority, are only fully responsible when they are not working" (Eric Gill).

We Catholics must go further than just trying to patch up this pagan civilization. We must restore the Christian ideas of the thirteenth century when means were not mistaken for ends. Catholics should always teach the ideal. Even in theology, ascetic should be taught insteal of moral theology which is the minimum standard.

JAMES R. SCHNEID.

THE WIND BLOWS RAW

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editors: Talk about communism is so plentiful that a year ago a group of Catholic laymen decided to do something different. They rented a store at 11½ Washington Street, New York City, put a sign on the window, "Father Olier Guild," and began to do something for the poor. They thought that in some little way they could dry up the swamps in which the mosquitoes of communism breed. The seminarians of Dunwoodie have helped them by their prayers and good works, and from the laity of New York they have received clothes and shoes that they give out without embarrassing questions to the poor of all classes, Jew or Gentile, white or black.

Many a man has received a suit that enables him to apply for a job. Many a woman has received clothes for herself, and in one case for her eight children. We keep no statistics. We depend upon prayer, hard work, and the Providence of God. If any of your readers have any clothes or shoes that they would be willing to give to the poor we shall be glad to receive them at 11½ Washington Street or to call for them upon request. The wind blows raw in New York during the winter months. If any reader with a car would be willing to help us collect clothes we would be glad to welcome him to our little group.

THE FATHER OLIER GUILD.

RESPONSE IN BETTER KIND

Germantown, Pa.

TO the Editors:

I have The New Commonweal folder [1] you sent—
For "new" I would substitute "sage"—
I know of your high alcoholic content; [2]
Your journal has mellowed with age.
I put my O.K. on your ad-ver-tise-ment;
I know the grand battles you wage—
But who is the handsome, intelligent gent
Whose picture adorns the front page?

T. A. DALY.

Editors' Note: The "intelligent gent" is unfortunately not a staff member.

[1] A COMMONWEAL circular seeking new subscribers.

[2] Accent on last syllable; poetic license No. 4-11-44.

Points & Lines

The Elections: In Detail

THE FIRST reactions of writing people to the elections were general. These were reflected immediately in the newspapers and were based largely on political predilections. Periodicals printed close to the elections published comments of the same general tendency. At the time this was compiled, there had not been many detail reviews of the voting published—reviews of the results, of course, but not summaries of the expected effects of the elections on particular issues. And because of news values, these cannot be expected in the future. By the time a journalist would dare say what he thought the voting would mean for all the different issues, interest in the voting would have declined too greatly to make it worth while. Business periodicals and the business sections of papers seem to find it most to their interest to apply the elections to particulars. They have gone so far as to apply voting results to particular stock issues, and will continue to do so. To take some examples:

The *Herald Tribune* says:

> Specifically the outlook was regarded yesterday as having been improved measurably for the motor industry by the defeat in Michigan of Governor Murphy.

Most financial editors believe chain stores will have a safer time in the near future. In his *Herald Tribune* column, Edward H. Collins writes:

> The shares of Great Atlantic and Pacific jumped nearly 9 points. This was presumably on the assumption that the revolt of the public against arbitrary and punitive legislation, which seems to have been implicit in the election returns, marked the end, for some time to come, at least, of congressional attempts to tax large chain stores out of existence.

Barron's writes of

> Homestake Mining Co.—A Republican sweep in South Dakota has apparently removed threat of a tax on ore to replace other taxes, advocated by one of the Democratic candidates.

Such very detailed commitments, of course, are few, but it is possible to find definite reactions on fifteen or twenty definite subjects. Concerning "labor" and the Wagner Act, *Business Week* says:

> One thing is certain: Murphy's defeat now strengthens the hand of the conservative bloc that wants to amend the Wagner Act, and it is questionable how far Roosevelt can go in trying to stop them without widening the party breach.

And *Barron's:*

> A half-dozen prospects seem sure-fire bets. No. 1 is likely to be sweeping revision of the Wagner Act, so it will both cut and heal both ways instead of only one; and in all probability a rejection by the Senate of the National Labor Board's "lightweight champion," Donald Wakefield Smith, recently reappointed by the President over AFL and conservative objection.

The *Christian Science Monitor:*

> The fight to amend the Labor Relations Act will be intensified. Contrary to most popular speculation, however,

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insiders who watched a similar effort defeated last term believe it will still weather attack without major changes.

William Green had this to say in general in the AFL *Weekly News Service:*

> The CIO and its political dummy, Labor's Non-Partizan League, were routed in the election on all fronts. . . . By this time the proof is overwhelming that the American public is sick and tired of the tactics and philosophy of the CIO.

Opinion was absolutely divided on the third term for Roosevelt issue. The general idea was that this had been spiked. Secretary Ickes was the most important objector to this, declaring, "Liberal sentiment is as strong as ever, if not stronger. If President Roosevelt had run for a third term Tuesday he would have been victorious. I have always seen the possibility that he might be drafted for a third term." *Business Week* starts its election story:

> Renomination of Franklin Roosevelt is far more likely as a result of the election. . . . Statisticians find it difficult to devise any method of calculation by which the election returns can be made to forecast election of a Republican President in 1940.

An economy drive was widely predicted, and specifically a cut in relief. The Englishman, Sir Willmott Lewis, gave his opinion:

> The Works Progress Administration. however, is sure to be attacked. . . . The demand for cash relief rather than work-relief is sure to be more insistently made in the next Congress, but this may fail if business recovery reduces the number of men and women on relief.

Barron's remarks:

> A program for cutting down WPA is already under way. Hopkins himself started it.

Concerning taxes, *Business Week* reflects business opinion:

> Above all, the plan to increase income tax rates on undistributed profits and capital gains is effectively smashed.

It is noted several places, for example in the *Monitor:*

> There seems to be general support for the rearmament program on all sides. Mr. Roosevelt is likely to have a united Congress behind him on that issue, and the biggest navy in history the upshot.

Likewise, no great change is expected in foreign policy. *Barron's* says:

> The keystone of Hull reciprocal trade treaties will be under fire as a "swell idea that didn't work," or at least that many don't think worked. Political capital will be made of the President's moral support to the "sell-out of Czechoslovakia," as an offset to his "He kept the world from war" issue. . . . Holders of defaulted American bonds (South American) can't expect any two-fisted assistance from the state department any more than can Mexican property owners.

It was generally believed that the Senate will force conservative appointments where they can, the most important appointment being to the Supreme Court. No one knows what will happen to agriculture. The pension end of social security will be boomed, by Republicans even more than by Democrats. Important executive reorganization has been ruled out. "Banking, public utility, railroad and monopoly legislation are bound to be less radical than might otherwise have been possible." Tom Mooney will be freed. Spending will be cut down. "Checks and balances are restored." Presidential booms have flowered and withered. Political commentators felt the elections left wide open the question of realignment of parties on more right and left lines, most of them apparently expecting, with an excessively individualistic bias, to find the problem resolved in Mr. Roosevelt's private personality. Take your choice, cast your vote and take your choice.

Trade and Defense for the Americas

INTERESTING facets in the struggle for world trade show up in an incident reported by *Business Week:*

> Washington's determination to create closer economic ties with Latin America is taking on long-term proportions. And a project just initiated may help to break up an old trade monopoly in the Netherlands East Indies. In Rio de Janeiro recently a visiting representative from the United States Department of Agriculture presented the Brazilian government with 1,000 young quinine plants. The Brazilian authorities will plant them in various parts of the country to see where they grow best. In time Brazil may compete with Java as a source of the cinchona bark from which quinine is made.

Another transaction gives an added hint of the tenseness of the competition for Latin-American markets. This is reported in the same magazine:

> Orders for oil equipment can be expected from Argentina. The government has just issued a decree authorizing the construction of new distillery units for the Y.P.F. (government oil company) at La Plata. . . . The government company is authorized to negotiate directly with the United States firms controlling the patents in order to obtain the rights for use here. The necessary materials can be secured in Europe and the United States but naturally the patent owners will insist on the use of American materials.

Exporters are keenly conscious of the possibilities there, as *Newsweek* says:

> When the government completes the rebuilding of this country's merchant marine foreign traders are wondering will there be enough American exports to fill the new ships? Last week at the twenty-fifth annual convention of the National Foreign Trade Council of New York delegates gave expression to such fears. . . . Numerous delegates suggested the strengthening of our commercial relations with Latin America. "Since 1932 our trade with those countries [Latin America] has been increasing faster than that with any other part of the world and last year they took 20 percent of our exports." observed William T. Moran of the National City Bank of New York.

The hopes for appreciable tangible results from the Pan American Conference in Lima next month are indicated by the *Christian Science Monitor:*

> The most troublesome current problem in the United States relations within Latin America was swept away over the week-end here with announcement from the State Department of an agreement with Mexico over expropriated agrarian lands formerly belonging to American citizens. Under the agreement Mexico agrees to pay $1,000,000 during May, 1939, and annual sums of not less than $1,000,000 each and every year thereafter, on June 30, and the obligation is discharged. Determination of the total amount is left to commissioners to be appointed, one by each government. In the event of a disagreement a third commissioner is to be chosen by the two. . . . [The State Department] has put its relations with Cuba in better order during the visit of Colonel Fulgencio Batista, unofficial dictator of Cuba. Its relations with Mexico are now much eased. Thus its standing with its two nearest Latin Amer-

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ican neighbors is in better shape, providing for other Latin republics evidence of restraint and reasonable willingness to work out mutual problems peacefully while at the same time giving evidence of a certain firmness.

But it must not be forgotten that foreign exchange restrictions are an increasingly difficult barrier to materially expanding the trade of the Americas. A recent instance of such restrictions is cited by *Business Week:*

> Another barrier to imports, particularly of luxury items many of which come from the United States, was raised by the Argentine this week. After December 1 no goods will be cleared through customs in Argentina unless the shipper has an exchange permit covering payment. . . . The importance of this to the American shipper is (1) that he is likely to run into increased difficulty in securing exchange permits to cover his shipments (farm equipment is virtually the only item which has been freely admitted for a year); and (2) that Argentine exports may be stimulated by the cheapening of the peso, thus helping to correct the country's large unfavorable trade balance.

The recent flare-up in Argentina about the possibility of export bounties being paid for United States wheat shipped to Brazil has subsided. The New York *Times* reports of the incident:

> Brazilians who wish to see a larger trade between the United States and Brazil recall that, before the advent of Argentine control of Brazilian flour mills, the United States sold most of the wheat flour used in Brazil, but that this trade now is gone except an insignificant amount sold in the north of Brazil.

The question of arming to defend Latin America is another matter. *Newsweek* reports:

> A great many people in Washington feel certain that, sooner or later, one or more totalitarian states will call the Monroe Doctrine into question. If the United States is prepared to take a strong line toward Europe, without at the same time overdoing the "big brother" rôle in the Western Hemisphere, Latin Americans may conclude that their bread is buttered on this side of the Atlantic. Actually, the current defense moves strengthen Secretary Hull's position at the Lima conference . . . the pressure of common danger may one day hew out an "American League of Nations."

And *Time* surmises in typical fashion:

> Likely topics of conversation for Colonel Batista in Washington: Who would make a mutually agreeable next puppet-President of Cuba? What about another U. S. naval base in Cuba like the one now based at Guantanamo? Under-Secretary of State Sumner Welles, scheduled to be Dictator Batista's host at a state dinner, was the administration's mouthpiece at last week's end for the larger implications of President Roosevelt's rearmament plans. Broadcasting to all Latin America he made clear that the United States rearmed will ensure the entire Western Hemisphere from foreign aggression.

An interesting defense suggestion based on the recent past comes from T. R. B. in the *New Republic:*

> The writer hoped the administration's talk about the need of our protecting Latin America from Fascist aggression was for election purposes only, and that we would hear no more about it. Apparently it is to be used to justify an extra $100,000,000 naval building. . . . If the Roosevelt administration were really concerned to make South America safe against Fascist attack, it would offer them military advisers trained by General MacArthur. South America could be rendered impregnable without cost to this country and—perhaps most interesting—their troops would be trained to repel landing parties of American marines as well as German Nazis and Italian Fascists.

The Stage & Screen

Leave It to Me

OH, BLESSED Victor Moore, who can make an ordinary musical comedy seem like Cole Porter at his best! He certainly does it in "Leave It to Me." I came away feeling that Mr. Porter's music and lyrics and Bella and Samuel Spewack's book make by far the most amusing musical of the season, and it was not until I began to analyze those feelings that I realized how much of my joy was plain unadulterated Victor Moore. As the bathtub manufacturer from Topeka who gets appointed Ambassador to Russia, and who wants to get recalled, Mr. Moore is the apotheosis of the humorous-pathetic, a sort of Charlie Chaplin grown corpulent and American. Of course he is also a vocal Charlie Chaplin, for Victor Moore has a voice and a dozen ways of using it, and every one of them a joy. Though as Alonzo P. Goodhue he is a millionaire, and as Alexander Throttlebottom he was Vice-President, Mr. Moore is the symbol of all the millions of little men who get sat upon from the cradle to the grave, and though fate puts Mr. Goodhue and Mr. Throttlebottom on the heights, fate plays them none the less a scurvy trick. The Spewacks and Mr. Porter make him an ambassador, but he wants to be back in Kansas pitching horse-shoes. To get there he tries to do the wrong thing, and everything turns out to his glory, even his attempt to shoot the Russian Foreign Minister, for he shoots by mistake a revolutionist who is about to kill that functionary and he thereby becomes a Russian national hero and is forced to review the Russian army with Stalin by his side. Power and glory serve only to depress Mr. Moore. It is not irreverent to say that Mr. Moore is a very Christian figure, for if ever humbleness is proved blessed upon the stage it is in his wandering little person and lost little voice. And when his humbleness flames into righteous anger and he kicks the Nazi Ambassador in the belly, it is indeed the very triumph of the humble. Yes. Mr. Moore is good, he is kind, he is lowly. That he is also triumphant is only as he should be in this world gone mad.

Of course Mr. Moore is not alone. There is Sophie Tucker to give vitality to Mr. Goodhue's ambitious spouse, and William Gaxton to give vitality to the plot as a whole. Also there is Tamara to sing Mr. Porter's songs, and a young woman, Mary Martin, to do a burlesque of a strip-tease. The chorus is good to look upon and there are a number of excellent dance numbers, especially of the tap variety. Mr. Porter's music is characteristic, but not outstanding. Of the numbers special mention should go to "How Do You Spell Ambassador?," "Vite, Vite, Vite," "I Want to Go Home," "My Heart Belongs to Daddy," "Far, Far Away" and "From the U.S.A. to the U.S.S.R." The lyrics are some of them amusing and some of them rather ordinary. Albert Johnson's settings, Raoul Pene du Bois's costumes, Robert Emmett Dolan's musical direction, and the staging of Samuel Spewack also deserve warm recognition. But in closing let us return to Victor Moore.

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Into a theatre in which humor is too often either vulgarity or mere physical vitality, he brings humanity and warmth. He is a master of understatement and a personality that is unforgettable. Let us indeed be thankful for him and congratulate Vinton Freedley for bringing him to us again. (At the Imperial Theatre.) GRENVILLE VERNON.

Return of the Waltz, Gangster and Submarine

M-G-M wisely announce right in the beginning that "The Great Waltz" is meant to portray the spirit and music of Johann Strauss rather than the facts of his life. And successful they are in recording Strauss's lilting music that enchanted lively Vienna in the 1840s. Fernand Gravet, Luise Rainer and Milizia Korjus enact the sentimental, light-opera story about Johnnie who married the baker's daughter but loved a singer who had sense enough to return him to his wife. "The Great Waltz" is almost Milizia Korjus's picture for her effective performance as the prima donna and her beautiful singing of the lyrics of Oscar Hammerstein II set to the melodies of Johann Strauss II. Miss Rainer has her big scene when she rushes to the theatre, with revolver in purse, to fight for her "Chonnie." Julien Duvivier's superb direction, the exquisite photography and close-ups, and the haunting Strauss waltzes will make you shout "Bravo" with the audience.

A somewhat different attack on the same theme is "A Waltz by Strauss," the Austrian picture. Johann Strauss I and II share honors, but unfortunately the film is an overacted, interminably slow costume piece that flares up only during the musical sequences.

As "Angels with Dirty Faces" opens, in New York's slum district, two young thieves are chased by cops. Jerry escapes. Rocky is caught and sent to reform school. Fifteen years later Jerry (Pat O'Brien) is a priest working to help the boys in his old neighborhood when Rocky (James Cagney), now a hardened gangster fresh from the pen, turns up and becomes the idol of the "Dead End" Kids. Jerry sees his good work being destroyed by his friend and exposes Rocky. Michael Curtiz's direction of "Angels with Dirty Faces," although emphasizing no new note, is good for its photomontage, its carefully depicted slum scenes and built-up suspense. Motivation at times is a bit weak and you're asked to accept too much of vacillation of Catholics between Church and gangsterdom. Pat O'Brien, as the priest, is no Spencer Tracey, but he has dropped his fripperies and taken on sincerity. The picture's best line is his, when after Rocky's execution he leads the "Dead End" Kids to church with: "Let's pray for the boy who couldn't run as fast as I could."

Hollywood's latest chapter of Rover Boys at Sea is called "Submarine Patrol," and shows very handsome Richard Greene as a millionaire playboy who finds himself in action on Subchaser No. 599 during the World War. Also on No. 599 is Preston Foster, a lieutenant whose honor must be restored by destroying the most dangerous German submarine. And there's a girl—pretty Nancy Kelly. If it weren't for a couple of swell John Ford touches, you'd never realize that this picture was made by the same man who directed "The Informer."

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

Books of the Day

Power—Pressure—Advertising

Power, by Bertrand Russell. New York: W. W. Norton and Company. $3.00.

IN THIS latest book of his Russell is "concerned to prove that the fundamental concept in social science is Power." He illustrates from past and present history to show how everything derives from the impulse to power. There are his usual "flashes of wit" as the publishers put it, which not infrequently turn into snap judgments. Thus: "Pope Sylvester II was reputed a magician because he read books"; clerical celibacy "to this day has not succeeded in Spain" and many more. But the author of "Religion and Science" can also say without batting an eye that men's "desires are insatiable and infinite, and only in the infinitude of God could they find repose." Again, he wants to give an explanation of social phenomena that is not "dominated by the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries," which were not normal but "in many ways exceptional." He feels the need of greater sympathy for ancient and medieval views, but he merely mentions this without following it up himself. Russell himself is nineteenth century in his narrow view that "all submissiveness is rooted in fear." Of the Christian motive of love he knows nothing. Likewise does he pay full homage to the nineteenth-century fetish of science as the panacea of human ills, but indulges in a childish bit of myth-making when he derives the fourth commandment of parental respect from a primitive custom of selling aged parents to be eaten. Only space prevents quoting the scientific gem.

Against the advance of brute power in modern governments, Russell sees hope only in liberalism, heir of the Christian tradition. The motive-force of his democracy is "sympathy . . . the universalizing force in ethics." Social life must be imbued with impartiality which is attainable only through democracy—yet the majority in a democracy may "exercise a brutal and wholly unnecessary tyranny over a minority." The new democracy must have state ownership of industry, but not à la Russia; there must be adequate safeguards of human liberty, through free criticism such as the state-owned B.B.C. exercises—yet the latter "at such a time as that of the general strike, it must be admitted, . . . ceases to be impartial"!

Concrete suggestions are given for educating children to disbelieve in propaganda. But Russell does not wish "to preach a purely negative emotional attitude." We need something more and "what is of most value in human life is more analogous to what all the great religious teachers have spoken of." Unfortunately we are here at the end of the book and there is no room left to develop these positive ideals. Once before the author did indeed suggest vocational grouping for the new order.

The book exemplifies both Russell's insights and his narrowness. Yet all who will may find some good questions to ask themselves about the rôle desire for power may play in positions of authority. VIRGIL MICHEL.

High Pressure, by Jesse Rainsford Sprague. New York: Doubleday, Doran and Company. $2.50.

WHEN Jesse Rainsford Sprague talks like a Dutch uncle to young men who would succeed in business or to business executives, the popular magazines are delighted. He is in fact one of the better essayists of the

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Saturday Evening Post. But when he turns to criticism of our mass production, mass distribution system as a whole, his efforts are greeted with stony silence by the book reviewers in the public press, one of the chief pillars of our top-heavy economic structure.

By presenting these views in the form of a historical case study of a small American city, "High Pressure" makes the evils of chain stores and chain newspapers, sales quotas and instalment selling, Rotary clubs and the use of religion for business purposes all the more arresting. It also exposes the venalities of certain executives so pitilessly that it is easier to understand why American labor has on occasion resorted to such violence in pursuit of its rights. Mr. Sprague looks back longingly on the good old pioneer days when Main Street was something more than a succession of colored standardized chain store signs. His approach is purely negative. He seems to sense that the present system developed from an earlier conviction that "business is business." It is difficult to believe that the things he describes are so virulent everywhere. If this well-written book is drawn entirely from the author's personal experiences, it is no wonder that he maintains so repeatedly that "to earn a living is a grim affair at best." EDWARD SKILLIN, JR.

It's an Art, by Helen Woodward. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company $2.50.

THIS is a book that will probably be read by most serious advertising people and by a large number of the rest of us who are becoming increasingly conscious of the way the advertising people handle us. It is the sixth book from the pen of one of America's first successful advertising women, now retired but keeping a fact-finding finger in many pies.

The book is a series of articles with little connecting thread except style. They are almost all interesting, though one could hope she spent more time writing her professional advertising copy than she has apparently spent putting these together. More comprehensive and better-written books have appeared, but they are now out of date. This book does not take sides in the growing fight between advertiser and consumer, but the advertising people will not like it. If Mrs. Woodward had not already ended her days with an advertising agency, the book might speedily end them.

Advertising people are largely an embittered group, having set out to write the great American novel and ended up with the frustration of beating deadlines with pathetically trivial copy on cigarettes and beauty creams in which they have had a job making themselves believe. The casual good humor of this book will amuse the layman with its revelations of the extraordinarily artificial excitement that goes on behind the copy desk, the microphone and the public relations contacts. It shows how intricately the advertising man's task is woven into the whole manufacturing and marketing pattern of the product he has to put over, and how complete a job a good advertising campaign must be.

The book is important because it comes at a time which may be called a crossroads for advertising. One of the authors of the successful "Hundred Million Guinea Pigs" has started a Consumers' Union which is taking on, despite the virtual boycott of newspapers and other advertising media. The growth of consumers' organizations is breeding a militant type of inquiring purchasers whose knowledge of the value of goods irrespective of their advertising claims may in time change the whole set-up of American buying and consequently of manufacturing and industry. "It's an Art," exposing many of the foibles and peccadillos of a $2,000,000,000-a-year industry which the author classes as bigger business than either religion or patriotism in the United States, gives a clear if incomplete and informal picture of where advertising stands in the American picture today. LIONEL BRIDGE.

FICTION

Apropos of Dolores, by H. G. Wells. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50.

IN HIS latest "novel," whose title seems somehow as unfortunate as "Our Mutual Friend," Mr. H. G. Wells appears to have taken a literary hint from his contemporary, M. André Gide, who in "L'Ecole des Femmes" employs a man's letters with the object of exposing the character of a man. Mr. Wells is, however, no imitator of M. Gide, nor of anyone else, though he lends himself admirably to imitation, and even to parody. There are passages in "Apropos of Dolores" which read for all the world like the highly amusing travesty of the great H. G. in Max Beerbohm's "Christmas Garland"; that is to say, such passages are very characteristic of their author, and they are also (unconsciously, of course) extremely funny. But the figure of the rich, married publisher residing at a Breton watering-place, Stephen Wilbeck, is altogether a different, a broader piece of characterization than M. Gide's deplorable hero, and, despite Mr. Wells's anticipated protest in his preface that "Steenie" is no auto-libel on the author, it seems evident that the publisher is Mr. Wells himself just as was the hero of "Tono Bungay" and Remington and Mr. Britling and a host of other inspired muddlers, including an unbelieving Anglican bishop.

Back in college days, Mr. Wells always seemed the most brilliant and influential of the Edwardian group, mainly because the intellectual content of his novels afforded for us the very maximum of novelty and richness. In other words, that element in his books which belonged strictly to the realm of speculation and idea, which was not sheer story-telling, appeared the strongest of his links, while, today, in reading "Apropos of Dolores," it appears the weakest. He will theorize about life and its possibilities because, in his own words, he has always preferred theorizing to pleasing his readers. Dolores, the handsome, shrewish, pretentious, malignant, impossible Frenchwoman (though perhaps in deference to present international sentiment she is presented as half Armenian, half Scotch) the character who makes the book, only appears after two long chapters of speculation, and her appearance is, in our opinion, insufficiently "prepared." Somewhere in the third chapter, with a glorious satiric description of Dolores's domestic interior and its horrible neo-Gallic furnishing, the reader rubs his eyes and realizes that he is engaged with Mr. Wells at his very best, Mr. Wells as a *romancier des moeurs*, an all but supreme comedian of contemporary human manners. For this relief much thanks, but the interludes of relief are becoming increasingly rare in the case of this novelist, and in this novel they are particularly rare.

The book begins with speculation, and with speculation it ends. Moreover, the quality of thinking, that peculiar muddle-headedness which, on the theory of opposites, seems to be inherent in this talented adorer of clarity and scope, has not altered in Mr. Wells throughout these long years. One little example from the last pages of "Apro-

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pos of Dolores" may, perhaps, serve. A female "New Thoughter," a Mrs. Bunnington, is there introduced, a character which permits Mr. Wells to satirize excellently that shoddy "Perfectionism" which has survived authentic religious faith. Having done his worst, which is also his superlative best, with this lady, Mr. Wells remarks nonchalantly in a whole paragraph: "I suppose the doctrine of the Fall is the large-scale version of this fantasy of a lost perfection." CUTHBERT WRIGHT.

The Valiant Woman, by Sheila Kaye-Smith. New York: Harper and Brothers. $2.50.

VILLAGE life in Sussex is certainly stodgy. To read about it gives one some sympathy for the Squire's daughter who eloped for a week-end in Scotland with a "foreigner." He was not geographically exotic as he came from Birmingham, but to the liberal viewpoint of the two Squires and the villagers — Cowplain was sufficient for Cowplain. To offset the blight of her own origin, Mrs. Reddinger exchanged her London-trained servants for farmers' daughters; but when it came to acquiring new acreage for farming she felt herself to be "the valiant woman who girded her loins with strength—who considered a field and bought it." Wisdom, unfortunately contains another verse mentioning the "heart of the husband who trusteth in her" and it was Mrs. Reddinger's husband who had indulged in the Scottish excursion.

Discovered there most inopportunely by the rector of Cowplain, Mr. Reddinger suggested a divorce which was refused by his wife who grounded her jealousy on the fact that they were both supposedly Catholics. To legalize her claim, she then returned to the sacraments. But Mrs. Reddinger found sacramental grace to be such a potent thing that, by the time the second Squire tempted her with his love, her faith was a fact. How the impossibility of remarriage can reshape husband and wife to each other is Miss Kaye-Smith's thesis. Her story proves the sound psychology of Hamlet's line, "For use almost can change the face of nature." In "The Valiant Woman" she has invested more characters with Catholicity than ever before. She has also attempted some comedy relief in the other foreigners of Cowplain. Though Miss Kaye-Smith's humor tends to the sadistic, it may be taken as an omen that her novels have reached their nadir of Starkness. There is far more plot and action in "The Valiant Woman" than in many of Miss Kaye-Smith's recent stories. EUPHEMIA VAN RENSSELAER WYATT.

To Remember at Midnight, by Michael Foster. New York: William Morrow and Company. $2.50.

HERE is an absorbing story of the development of an actress, an actress who, even after she has risen to the height of her career, is seeking to find and express beauty and the mystery of life. Ann Parnet's mother was a vaudeville "artiste," whom Ann remembered only as a voice in the dark; and her father, William Henry, was a baritone, a ham, a Mr. Micawber whose childlike faith in himself and his art was continually being shouted with formal words in his own booming voice. (If this book is done in the films, this part would be a natural for W. C. Fields.) Ann's early childhood was divided between dingy theatres of the Midwest and the sage-brush land in the shadow of Lobo Butte, Montana, where her father took her when he married again. But the lure of grease paint and stage were too great for William Henry, and when Ann was fourteen, he and she ran away from the ranch

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and joined a small-time unit playing kerosene circuits in the backcountry throughout the Northwest.

Ann, a realist and born actress, would naturally get on; but it was Jake Banion, the tattered, ugly-faced starveling of the theatre, who molded and shaped this child into a real actress. Michael Foster knows his theatre, its sweat, frozen smiles, hard work, poverty, failures and glamor. Foster writes exceedingly well—with a touch of Hemingway's "hairy fist clutching a rose," and with a sad feeling for remembrance of things past. He describes effectively the poignant friendship between Ann and Jake—a friendship that survives Jake's assault on the girl, Ann's proposal of marriage when she has found herself and he is jobless, and Ann's love for the son of James Fraser of the old school of genuine elegance. Throughout "To Remember at Midnight" runs the author's sensitive awareness of things as they are and of human striving for the unattainable; Michael Foster succeeds in combining romance and realism in an interesting story.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

Shadows around the Lake, by Guy de Pourtales; freely translated from the French by Geoffrey Sainsbury. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $3.00.

THE LAKE is Lake Geneva and the shadows are the old Calvinist families living in Switzerland. In this remembrance of things past, M. de Pourtales is particularly skilful in his rendition of the delicate and subtle relationships of the young; and when he prefixes the first book of his novel with the following quotation from "La Nouvelle Héloise," "The Land of Shadows is the only one in this world worthy to be inhabited," we know what to expect.

Such is the spell of the nostalgia which M. de Pourtales casts over his work that the reader, too, briefly sighs for those days in Geneva before the war and when, according to M. de Pourtales, the "Lost Generation" had already begun to be lost. It becomes an effort to think clearly about the values of the book and it is with something of a shock that one finally realizes its paradoxes and becomes annoyed with the author's scheme of things.

That it is Protestantism which is going into decay in the persons of these fine old families, M. de Pourtales leaves no doubt. For himself, in the person of the protagonist, Paul de Villars, there is the Catholic Church, always in the background, undecaying but also unaccepted by him; but, principally, life is a conflict between the values of the body and those of the spirit, whether the instincts of the body are not ultimately more accurate than those more tenuous impulses of the spirit.

For the symbol of the body, there is Antoniette Galland, a fine, honest, sensual girl; and for that of the spirit, Louise Perrin, neurotic, badly inhibited and confused. So that one has the impression that M. de Pourtales has stacked the cards against the spirit.

Almost from the beginning, when Paul becomes deeply in love with Louise, one is displeased with her intellectual dishonesty and the displeasure becomes almost repulsion when she hesitates to enter into an adulterous liaison with Paul but proceeds to have an abortion without much compunction. Later, what was implied in her actions becomes manifest: she is a schizophrenic. But at no place in the novel does M. de Pourtales, either as the novelist or the protagonist, give any evidence that he thinks Louise is anything other than a creature of the spirit.

It is a pity he seems to have slipped so badly here, as the rest of his characterizations are excellent and one believes in them quite fully. But since the novel is an autobiographical one, perhaps M. de Pourtales is still blinded by the first love of his youth. The book is highly readable and Geoffrey Sainsbury has given an excellent, occasionally beautiful style to the translation. The characters, the mood and the lovely country around Geneva will all charm you, if you can prescind from the fact that M. de Pourtales seems to have mistaken schizophrenia for spirituality.

HARRY SYLVESTER.

No Star Is Lost, by James Farrell. New York: Vanguard Press. $3.00.

IT WAS probably not in Mr. Farrell's mind that he was testifying for the Church in this book, yet testimony of a particular and peculiar kind it is, and the title, "No Star Is Lost," indicates that he sees the characters he renders as integral parts of a magnificent total, one that transcends the debased plane of life which the book graphically reproduces. While this is indeed a record of sordid lives it is not a sordid record. The innate honesty of the author's purpose, as well as his Catholic tradition, saves it from such a charge. That readers may, and with sufficient reason, find the contents depressing, cannot blind them to the painstaking honesty that has gone into its writing. That this effort at graphic exactitude has resulted in the reiteration of noxious details is as much a criticism of the customary, naturalistic approach to fictional material as it is of this particular writer. Such an approach would seem to be through data-like material in great abundance, toward a hoped for but rarely achieved design. While the usual result of such an approach is a disquieting formlessness there is some reason, in Mr. Farrell's case, to expect the achievement of vital form in his future work.

The setting of the book is that region of Chicago's South Side with which the author has familiarized his readers in his former books and it depicts a layer of Catholic, Irish life that balances uncertainly between the brothel, the saloon and the confessional. The book omits no detail of the quarrelsome, drunken and lecherous activities of some of the adult characters, the whole intensified by the pathos and misery of the small boy who is shamed that he must be identified with it. That the life here pictured is a facet of life within Catholicism needs no emphasized assertion. The fact that these poor, tortured, sinful people remain within the Church, or in their absence from the offices of their faith, are tormented by an awareness of loss, is as it should be. Ours is a Church of branded sinners and unrecognized saints and it is our weakness that causes us intermittently to long for the flesh-pots of respectability. The saint must be nurtured and the sinner saved, and for the latter the Church looms as a home to which the door is never closed.

It is this testimony that Mr. Farrell's book offers, and very fully. That it makes unpleasant reading is another matter. Comparison with James Joyce is inevitable, due to the Catholic, Irish background in each instance. The major difference between Joyce's "Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man" and this book does not lie in the differing emphasis on sexual irregularities and drunkenness, which are much to the foreground in each, but rather in the superior and mature artistry of Joyce both as a writer and as a designer in literature. In Mr. Farrell, as in most Americans following artistic professions, there is evidence of that cultural cleavage which operates against

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a natural merging of the indigenous content with a sympathetically conceived literary form. Where something like unity exists in other writers, the indigenous quality is often lacking and there is an atmosphere of subtle, artistic dishonesty and decadence. If an artistic deficiency and a lack of unity exists in Mr. Farrell's latest book, therefore it is an honest deficiency and to his credit, rather than to his discredit. He has not been content to adopt a form ready made and the superiority of this book over his earlier ones warrants a hope that he will eventually achieve a form in harmony with his material and environment.

BARRY BYRNE.

First the Blade, by May Merrill Miller. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $3.00.

HERE is a good book, substantial and sensitive, much of whose body comes from an amazing amount of detail, which, whether it concern the orchards of Missouri, the fertility of the Santa Clara Valley or the desolation of the San Joaquin, gives at the same time enrichment and motivation to the story. The best scenes of the book are those which relate to human experience, particularly disillusionment and grief. Amelie, the child, standing triumphant in the schoolroom, discovers that excellence of accomplishment has no power to attract love; Amelie, the mother, alone at the death of her baby, tries to say it is God's will, but refuses to believe it; Amelie, the wife, feels the world gone from under her feet when she sees her husband making love to a woman who is younger, his face "completely unguardedly happy . . . almost silly . . . and proud."

In spite of the abundance of detail the narrative is swift. Amelie McNeil, deserted by the lover for whom she has waited the long duration of the war, sets out for California and another life. There she marries a rancher with the spirit of the pioneer and settles in the fertile Santa Clara Valley. Because she loves her husband and wants him to be happy, she gives up her home almost as soon as it is established and follows him to the San Joaquin Valley. Disillusioned by what they find there, they join the settlement of Sandlappers who despite ridicule are working tirelessly on a ditch for the irrigation of their valley. After terrific discouragements the project is successful, but by this time the railroad magnates have claimed rights to the land which the settlers had already paid for, and trouble begins, reaching its climax in the massacre at Brewer's Farm. Eventually prosperity follows, but Amelie's personal security lessens as her husband turns to a younger woman. From here on the book weakens. Perhaps, sensing that it was already long enough, the author hurried too much with her material.

The style in the large is good. If in places it seems unpolished, it is at least earnest and unpretentious.

VIRGINIA CHASE PERKINS.

MISCELLANEOUS

Dublin—Old and New, by Stephen Gwynn. New York: The Macmillan Company. $3.25.

AS LITERARY material Dublin is sensibly indebted to its limited genius for trade. By dint of this, it has enjoyed a unique compensation in the rich sentiment with which it reflects the national vicissitudes. The affront of that railroad trustle across the Liffey is, in the physical order, almost the sole symbol which indicates a disturbance of its sentimental integrity. A Baedeker will serve well enough no doubt for the bleak splendors of

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NEXT WEEK

The irresponsible statements currently being made that the Catholic Church is linked with Fascism are demolished by George N. Shuster in THE MAN WITHOUT A COUNTRY. Mr. Shuster has *seen* and has *talked with* the Catholic and Jewish victims of the Hitler horror. He has *seen* the pitifully inadequate attempts to aid them. His is not a mere academic discussion but a heart-rending picture of misery, degradation and despair and an eloquent appeal to the Christian conscience.

The grandfather of Evelyn Miller Crowell in 1846 settled several thousand acres of land in the then new state of Texas. Today Mrs. Crowell is desperately trying to hold less than two hundred acres, all that remains of the once great holdings. The rest has been gradually eaten away by taxes, foreclosures, the utilities, state roads and urban encroachment. THE TROUBLE WITH ROOTS is a bitter but accurate picture of what the farmer often pays for "progress."

Kappo Phelan has always listened while people bragged of their dogs. Now it is her turn to tell us of Dougal, who is the best, the dearest and the most intelligent of animals, in a heart-warming little sketch, PLEASE.

The word "Adventus" signified for the ancient Romans the solemn vists of the Emperor to the distant parts of his empire, and the word is very appropriate as a commemoration of the glorious appearance of the Son of God on earth. Dom Albert Hammenstede, O.S.B., writes a beautiful appreciation of ADVENT and what it should mean to Christians in the face of the paganism of the times.

Belfast but such a gift as Stephen Gwynn's is needed to the color and passion of Dublin.

In a delightful volume, Mr. Gwynn has given us with breadth and vividness his own rendering of the familiar lineaments of the Irish capital and filled the scene with sparkling detail of its variegated and romantic life. The process involved the encounter with many personalities and institutions which were calculated to test the catholicity of the author's sympathies—Trinity College and Dean Swift to Kilmainham and its distinguished political convicts and in a closing perspective to the stony figures of the present generation is a progress which might readily provoke the revelation of an individual bias. But Mr. Gwynn throughout maintains a persistingly gracious temper. Instance of the critical distinction of the work is the refreshing intelligence with which he deals with the Dublin architecture which is so notable an element of the civic individuality. The capital of Ireland on the plane of this interest is worthy of place in the list of distinguished European cities, even if the acknowledgment has to take curious account of the anomaly that an architectural complexion so reminiscent of eighteenth-century Bath should here memorialize the rebellious affections of the Irish people. CHARLES D. MAGINNIS.

Stars to Windward, by Bruce and Sheridan Fanestock. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. $3.00.

THESE two adventurers had long been dreaming and planning a voyage beyond the quiet home waters of Long Island Sound, and when one does this constantly enough something is bound to happen. Starting with New York, their log contains such names as Galapagos, Tahiti, Samoa, Fiji, New Hebrides, New Guinea, Thursday Island, and on to Manila where they parted with their ship, Director, that had carried them to these and many more places of excitement and charm. On this two-masted schooner they took with them a diving-suit for pearl fishing, material for trading, and equipment to bring home museum specimens. They planned a three-year voyage of exploring and collecting, as they said "to buy ourselves a future."

This they succeeded in doing with a crew ranging from "Schooner Mary," their mother, who went with them part of the way, to "Hey Hey," a Negro from Panama, a native prince from Tahiti, and many others who joined and left as circumstances willed. True to their ideals they became divers "in the most famous pearl lagoon in the South Pacific," on the island of Penrhyn. They discovered new islands near the New Hebrides, and named them "Director Isles." They photographed the Stones of Ndakunimba. This achievement may unravel the Pacific Migration Theory. They traded with cannibals and saw ceremonial dances, and following in the wake of Bligh, and La Perouse, they have produced a book that bubbles over with chapters of high adventure.

But it is to be regretted that at least two chapters and the entire Epilogue were not given up to descriptions of the material they brought home, and a little more about their personal life in Tahiti. For example, the chapter about the Galapagos Islands is almost entirely given over to the "Baroness" and her lovers, an old newspaper scandal, quite out of place in this book of youthful exploration and adventure. But on the whole the book is entertaining, and well filled with fine photography. It will, I am sure, suffice the many who have to stay at home.

PHILIP H. WILLIAMS.

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The Inner Forum

THE CATHOLIC WOMAN'S LEAGUE of Chicago, now in its forty-fifth year, is caring for 20,000 poor children annually, according to the *New World*, official organ of the archdiocese. The work is carried on from five branches—four day nurseries and a "protectorate"—in various parts of the city.

In addition to looking after children whose mothers are working during the day, the nurseries, which are dedicated to Saint Anne, Saint Elizabeth, Saint Juliana and Our Lady respectively, conduct the greatest variety of constructive activities. Included are all sorts of free medical aid, mothers' classes in sewing and child behavior, outfitting the needy with clothing, countless outings when the weather is fine, vocational, civics and recreational classes for older children and even for adults. Food baskets are also distributed to needy families.

The Protectorate was established twenty-eight years ago to assist young girls and single women, but because of the needs of the times it has extended its facilities to men and boys. Homes are found, clothing distributed, and a goodly number of jobs secured for various clients. In fact housework was obtained for 1,303 applicants. The Protectorate also renders considerable travelers' aid.

Funds are secured for the nurseries as participants in the annual Chicago October tag day and as members of the Children's Benefit League; the Protectorate as an affiliate of the local adult and aged charities organization participates in the city's May tag day. The chief means employed by the Women's League for raising funds themselves is an annual benefit card party, held this year in the grand ball room of the Stevens Hotel.

The League is the oldest Catholic women's club organized for charitable purposes in the state of Illinois and it is interesting to note that eight of the charter members who established it at the time of the Columbian Exposition forty-five years ago are still active in the work.

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PITY THE LEPER!

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